1,200,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLI. NO. 41. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1913. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

BETWEEN WORLDS

Or, HOW AN AVIATOR WON

N W Miller 21sep13
Rural Route 1

By LUCIUS WITHERS

THE man lifted his eyes into the unroofed vault above him. They gazed into blue, the eternal blue, as he swung between worlds, a bold adventurer, a speck in space, a mariner on a mysterious main.

Behind the aviator the steady whir of the motors crooned in his ears. No other sound save this and the wind in the wide wings that held him aloft came to Elliston. His muscular, yet finely shaped hands played now and then among the levers beside him, and the sensitive creature, work of man's brain and brawn, answered his control with precision.

"I must win today," the birdman thought, with that lucid clearness and dispassionate surety characteristic of his type when they are in their own element. "I must win if I have to climb for the rest of the day to do it."

In wide spiral circles the aeroplane sped on, her nose pointed upward. Somewhere else up here Elliston knew that Spending fought with him for the supremacy of the air—Spending the lean-jawed, steely-eyed Englishman, who carried with him always a suggestion of the dark Devon tarns whence he sprung.

It was a tremendous idea of letting them fight it out hilt to hilt—Spending, the Englishman, and Elliston, the American. The cables had talked about it more than once before final decision had been reached to hold the historic contest over the level fields south of Chicago. And people had come from all the globe over—from Europe, from India, and from the far islands of the seas to watch the struggle.

Both men were champions. They had distanced all others six months before at Vienna, but their records were perilously close together—too close to stand without fighting off the practical tie. Advantage's shade was with the Briton by 200 feet. Millions would change hands today on the result of this aerial contest.

Just before making his ascent, Elliston thought that he had never before seen such a crowd, nor had he. It was the largest gathering ever known in the world's history; the gathering at Vienna had not been a marker for it, and the crowd at Chicago in 1910 was a mere handful beside it. But gathered from the far ends of the earth, made up of five hundred different races, perhaps, it had been a strangely silent crowd, a gathering that seemed to sense something sinister and uncanny in this greatest sporting event of history. There had been the low hum of a large gathering, but the care-free fellowship and the joyous shouts and rollicking laughter had been missing. Perhaps, by some subtle means, the gathered thousands sensed something of the deep hatred that lay around the heart of one of the contestants.

Elliston leveled the nose of his aeroplane with a quick motion. Always when in the air he rested at a certain distance from the earth before leaping up into the almost frigid upper stratas. The birdman glanced downward. White clouds billowed and rolled beneath him, playthings of a wind that had fanned him a minute ago, when he crossed its path. The sunlight falling upon the moving mass made silver peaks that gleamed up at him brilliantly.

His mind leaped downward to the earth below, and he thought of the day before, when he had gone with his mother, a frail little wisp of a woman, whose eyes even now were straining upward, to a little West Side mission church, that she might worship in that simplicity which the larger churches disturbed.

"And that little fellow in the long black coat tried to tell us about God," mused Elliston aloud. His voice sounded weird and unreal in the high altitude, and when he broke into a laugh the sound of it in his ears almost frightened him. It sounded like the unnatural merriment of some evil spirit. Elliston had never laughed aloft before. He decided that he would not do so again. He drew a deep breath. "Tried to tell me about God," his thoughts ran on. "Well I wonder what he would think about God if he was up here with me awhile. Rather imagine his ideas would undergo reconstruction. He'd come to the conclusion that God was a good deal bigger proposition than he had dreamed, despite his claptrap about the Almighty." Elliston was on the verge of a chuckle when he remembered the unpleasant sound of his laughter. The chuckle died in his throat. Then he thought of Spending.

More than this contest for air premiership lay between the two men, though of the chief thing Spending did not know. It was a fight involving more than the natural keen rivalry of two strong men of different nations, for, though the Englishman did not know it, a woman was between them—a woman with eyes like twin stars; a woman deep-bosomed and tawny-haired, whose vivid red lips seemed forever stirring a deep desire which was quenched by the cold clearness of her deep gray eyes. This woman was Spending's wife.

Elliston's mind went swiftly back six months to a garden—a cool English garden, sweet with the scent of innumerable roses—yet a garden in which the blue flower of happiness had been crushed under his own feet. He thought of the tall, fair woman among the roses as he had last seen her, her lashes wet, his arms about her superb, palpitating body, and her red lips that he had kissed and which had responded to his own. Then of how she had lain in his arms, saying brokenly, "I love you, dear! I love you. I love you!" and of how he had shut his eyes and clenched his teeth to stay the mad beating of his blood.

"I must win this race and her," he thought again. "She is my mate in reality, not his; only a hideous twist of fate could have tied her to him. We, she and I, must be strong enough to untie that bond."

He remembered what she had said: "Defeat him, and I will go with you."

It was just one year ago that Elliston had met Mrs. Spending at Vienna, during the international aviation meet held near the Austrian capital. There she had gone to take part in the triumphs of her

husband, whose name spelled courage and daring among those who followed the aviation game. Nor had Mrs. Spending been disappointed, for it was at the Vienna meet that her husband had wrested the air championship from the world with an altitude record that barely eclipsed that of Elliston.

Nature, the jade, who is simple enough in some of her manifestations, is baffling enough in others. This may explain why certain men become potential enemies upon sight. There is discord between them before a note has been sounded, and when men like this meet in any contest they fight with the strongest incentive. And these dislikes seem to turn on the cast of an eye, the curl of a lip, or what not of trival things.

Elliston and Spending had disliked each other from the beginning, and they had known each other for several years. It had been a bitter draught to Elliston when he was distanced at the Vienna meet. True, the dislike between the men had never ripened into open hatred, but it was none the less present and active in each man. Spending's cool and insular assumption of superiority probably had much to do with Elliston's dislike for him. Something of the same sort in Elliston jarred the man from Devonshire, and their likeness nursed dislike.

Yet, despite this, the two men maintained a sort of friendship, for each respected the other heartily. It was owing to this "shadow" of friendship that Elliston had met Mrs. Spending on the aviation field. Later she had invited him to visit their home in England, and he, drawn by a charm in the wife that overcame his dislike for the husband, accepted the invitation and went. It was on this visit that the love between Elliston and the Englishman's wife grew and blossomed, while his hatred for the husband waxed stronger, for did not Spending have possession of the only woman that the American birdman had ever loved?

During his visit Elliston had fished and tramped about the whole countryside, sometimes alone, but oftener with Mrs. Spending. Spending himself rarely accompanied him, being deeply engaged in the perfecting of a patent which he believed would revolutionize aviation. The result of this arrangement was that both Elliston and Mrs. Spending had been swept off their feet by their new-found love, for the woman had never really loved Spending, to whom she had been attracted as a girl wholly by his feats of daring.

True, no word of love had passed between Elliston and Mrs. Spending until the night before his departure, but their eyes had long ago betrayed their secret. Together they had sat in the rose garden, the shadow of Elliston's coming departure between them. He had started to tell her how sorry he was to go, but gazing into her face, he had seen the tears well into her eyes and her lips tremble. Stronger men than Elliston have lost their heads at such times, and he had lost his completely. He had come to himself with Gladys Spending in his arms, while he was saying brokenly: "I must have you, dear! You are mine by the right of love."

"Some day, sweetheart," she had answered, and then had added: "The day you win from him, that day will see me wholly yours."

After this she had told him how she loved him. Then they had gone into the house, and the next day he went away, back to America and to his work. Silence had fallen between them since that memorable night among the roses, but Elliston knew that Gladys Spending had not forgotten.

With lightning-like rapidity these things flashed through the aviator's mind, as he circled the clouds preparatory to his final plunge upward. His memory ran on.

He had seen neither Gladys nor her husband since that visit, until fate had decreed that they stop at the same hotel in Chicago. Elliston's mother was with him at the hotel. She accompanied him on all of his trips except those abroad. Mrs. Spending had seen the names of Elliston and his mother on the hotel register, and at once she had called. Elliston had come into the room as the two women talked together. He had noted the love-light spring into Glayds' eyes as she greeted him, and had felt her hand tremble in his as he held it for a brief moment.

Afterward, when they had talked of the coming contest on the morrow, underneath all the woman's words, which proclaimed hope of her husband's winning, Elliston caught the thrilling undercurrent that gave the lie to her speaking tongue. A delirious happiness had stirred within him, as well as a determination either to emerge from the contest a victor or perish in the upper winds of space.

Elliston leaned forward and widened the circle of his speeding machine. In a moment more he would go hurtling up toward the spaces of the sun in a last grapple for aerial kingship. The birdman's mouth had drawn to a straight line, and his eyes would have held a gleam of elemental savagery for any one who could have seen them at that moment. The speed of the aeroplane quickened.

"She is mine now by right of love, but she will be mine tomorrow by the right of possession also." This thought sang along Elliston's blood and beat within his brain, intense and clear.

Then like a thunderbolt the thought of his mother came to him. What part would she play in this drama, the little loving, eager-faced woman, whom he alone had cared for during the years since his father had died, leaving only her and her son? Ralph Elliston had been only 12 years old then, but how short a time ago it seemed to him since his mother, drawing him up close to her, had said: "There are just you and I, Ralph—just you and I, and we must be very kind to each other."

After his father's death had come years of struggle. The father had left little but debts. But the boy had been sent to school and later to a technical institute where he had displayed marked mechanical aptitude.

If the mother had grown thinner and more worn during these years, no complaint had ever passed her lips. She had kept a brave heart, and the son did not always know just how much it cost to keep him in school. He had learned this later. Elliston had been a good son to his mother. Cheerfully he would have laid down his life for her, so when the thought of what part she would play in this imminent new order came to him, as he wheeled above the world, it stunned him. He had not told his mother of his love for Mrs. Spending. This reticence had sprung out of his instinctive knowledge that she would disapprove. His mother might understand many things, but this she would not understand.

In the past, when his mother's image had intruded itself in this connection, he had thrust it aside and out of his mind, in the hope that at the proper time the problem would solve itself. But now, up here in the blue deeps, with only the great silence and the eternal winds for company, he suddenly realized that the problem would not solve itself, and that he alone could solve it. Simultaneously with this thought was born another; that this contest was not the greatest in which he would engage. He had steeled himself for the contest with Spending.

The letter's arrival.

Now a new adversary—himself—came upon him, and found him unsteeled, perhaps.

Lost in deep thought, his soul plowed and harrowed by conflicting emotions, Elliston guided his aeroplane in wide circles automatically, delaying the upward leap.

Clearly the thought came to him that he must give one of them up, his mother or Gladys. Try as he did, he could not bring himself to allow of both women under the circumstances. The women themselves were not incompatible, however unlike their histories and environments. But if Gladys came to him, it would mean the utter and irrevocable alienation of his mother. Then the thought came to him that should he and his mother break, she would be quite alone. This thought stabbed Elliston like a sharp-pointed dagger.

The alluring figure of the other woman whom he loved and who loved him arose before his vision to torment his spirit. Ruthlessly he thrust it aside, for a new determination and a new plan had been born in his mind. The thin line of his lips grew narrower, and the savage gleam in his eyes gave place to something else.

With a quick motion, Elliston shot the levers forward. The nose of the machine lifted itself upward. Cold air, biting and remorseless, swirled about him, tearing at his throat and hands as if it would wrest him from his seat. The birdman's face grew blue and pinched with cold and his hands numb from the cruel frost that fought to get at the marrow of his being. Elliston felt as if he were plunging through ice. He looked downward; only a thin haze, gray and ghostly, met his sight. He knew, with a thrill, that he was further from the earth than ever mortal man had been before. With it came a keen sense of triumph. Elliston leaned forward and read his gauge. Yes, he was higher by five thousand feet than man had ever been before. He felt, too, that he was higher than Spending. He did not believe that Spending could endure the cold that he fought desperately with.

But no one would ever know. He must yield the victory—one victory; the other victory—that was another matter. It was no one's business but his own.

Elliston drew back his controllers and circled earthward. Blindly he thought, as he circled slowly down, of the superb and patronizing manner in which Spending, changeless in his sublime egotism, would accept unwittingly this supreme gift, a half-patronizing smile on his lips, mockery in his smoldering eyes. Again Elliston thought of her whom he had kissed in the rose garden of Devon, and this thought was very hard to bear now.

Lest peradventure his purpose prove weak against this latest temptation, he volplaned more rapidly downward. He leaned slightly forward and crushed the face of his gauge out of semblance to the thing it was. He did it slowly, deliberately, but God, at what a cost! The wrecked gauge could tell no tales, and Spending would keep his kingship. But he would tell his mother! and then the counter-thought came to him that he could not even tell her. It would be better to keep the secret between himself and—God—the God of the little black-frocked priest in the mission chapel, and the God whose great hands held the winds in leash and swung the stars in their courses.

The clouds through which Elliston made his ascent had been swept away, and as the birdman looked earthward he saw the world leaping upward to meet him. The farms, the meadows, and the great surging crowds reassumed their separate identities to his eyes.

Checking the speed of his aeroplane he slowly circled to place before his hangar.

The judges came forward. They gazed wonderingly at his crushed gauge. From somewhere he heard a voice saying: "By God! this looks like the fingers of Fate!"

The answer Elliston did not get, but had he heard it, it would have been meaningless to him, for he did not know that Spending even then lay crushed and dead at the entrance of his own hangar, less than twenty yards away, while his wife, dry-eyed, stood over him and yearned toward the other man.

Blue with cold, Elliston staggered into the hangar and lay on a little extemporized cot therein, while they got his machine in place. It was there that his mother came to him, and it was she who told him of Spending's end; of how, somwhere up in the air, he had lost control of his machine and had been plunged downward into the aviation field, ten minutes before Elliston's descent.

At first Elliston could not think; he was too tired and cold. Then gradually, with returning warmth, the horror of Spending's death came upon him, and he was doubly glad that he had forsworn victory.

He saw Mrs. Spending but once before his departure. It was when he and his mother went into the quiet room wherein Spending lay, his wife seated beside him. Almost guiltily Elliston gazed into the woman's eyes. He saw the light, but the dead man sealed his lips.

Three months after Spending's tragic end, Elliston received in Paris the following short note, unsigned, but bearing the postmark of a village in Devonshire: "The roses of the garden in Devon—have you forgotten them?"

Elliston had not. He went to seek them.

* * *

HER THEORY.

When her guests began to exclaim at the coziness of her library the girl who can write "Ph. D." after her name smiled broadly in proof of her happiness.

"It is nice, isn't it, girls?" she said. "Still, I feel that I shouldn't let you place too much emphasis on its being my library. Of course it is that, but it is also my diningroom and my livingroom and my bedroom—and every other kind of room I have, except the kitchenette and the bathroom. But it is mine, all mine, and I'm proud of it."

She let her eyes rove around the pretty, book-laden room until they chanced to fall on one of her guests who was looking longingly at the tea table. "Oh, Ethel, pardon me for forgetting your tea," she said.

The tea having been poured and the toast and muffins passed, the hostess seated herself again and smiled expansively as one of the girls said: "Isn't it good to be together—all of us—again? Five years since we left school and this is the first time we've all met at one time."

"And not one of us has done anything to be ashamed of," said Ethel, enthusiastically. "At least—none of the rest of you have, have you? I'm proud of myself. Why shouldn't I be, with the best husband in the world and two babies to my credit?"

When the laughing died down the hostess laughed again and alone.

"What is so funny, Jane?" asked Ethel. "Don't tell me that you've grown so learned that you don't believe in marriage and babies. When I heard that you and Jack Ellis had broken off, I thought——"

"Please, Ethel, don't go into ancient history," said Jane. "I do believe in marriage—indeed I do. But I was thinking that the one thing I've done of which I'm ashamed you'd probably think was perfectly proper."

"Why, what are you talking about?" demanded Ethel.

"It brings me to a hobby of mine," Jane answered, "and that is the economic independence of women. You think you believe in it, too, because you aren't snobbish and like to meet nice girls who work for their living. I believe that every woman should be self-supporting.

"Now, the thing I am ashamed of is that for a while I let my father give me money. I had been ill; that is the one excuse I make for myself. But now, I am independent."

"And happy?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, I am. I don't say that I'm absolutely happy, but long ago I learned that absolute happiness never has existed outside of day-dreams."

"Theoretically, your idea of economic independence is right," said Ethel, "and I live up to it. Oh, of course, I don't do anything but look after my house and my husband and my babies, but, you see, I have my own money, so I'm not dependent on George. And as the money came from my mother, and from her mother before her, I never was supported by a man, dear."

"But what of the theory when a woman is ill?" asked a frail girl who had taken no part in the discussion.

"That does complicate matters," said Jane. "But then it is no harder for a woman to support herself when she is ill than for a man to pay his way during illness. I must admit that I got away behind when I was ill, and I had to borrow from my father. But now I see my way clear—and, illness or not, no more dependence for me!"

Just then the doorbell rang and Jane admitted Mrs. Jack Ellis—the girl to whom her old lover had turned when Jane's mind fixed itself upon economics rather than upon a trousseau. She wasn't nearly so pretty as Jane, but she looked like one who had always been petted—and always would be.

"Take off your big hat, Flossie," said Jane. "Then lean back in the cushions and rest."

"Indeed, I'll not take off my hat," declared the newcomer. "I'm not nearly so pretty with it off. And, anyway, I'm proud of it, because I earned it."

"Earned it!" gasped Jane. That Flossie, of all creatures on earth, should work was strange.

"Yes," cooed Flossie. "But I couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for that awful attack of appendicitis I had."

"Whatever are you talking about?" asked Jane.

"Why," explained Flossie, "the doctor kept advising an operation, but I couldn't bear to have it. Finally, however, I agreed. As Jack and I were going to the hospital he asked if there was anything he could get me to make me comfortable or happy. Well, of course, I thought of this hat, with its three big plumes. I'd been longing for it for weeks, but thought we couldn't afford it. That seemed my chance, so I told him about it. And instead of going straight to the hospital, we drove around and ordered it held until I should be out again. Then I went and had the operation like a good girl, as Jack said. So that is the way I earned it."

"I am sure that Jane is delighted with your story," said Ethel. "She has been telling us of her theory that every woman should earn her way. However, I do not think I should choose appendicitis as a means of self-support."

"Well, I am interested in Jane's story," said Mary. "Since Flossie has illustrated it so graphically, I may conclude to adopt it myself."

"As you like," said Jane. "But it is at your own risk. You see, I'm happy in my own way, but the fact remains that I haven't even one willow plume."

"Well," laughed Flossie, shaking her head and watching the reflection of the hat in the mirror opposite. "I was telling Jack last night that I'd been happy ever since we were married. But I never was absolutely happy until I had this hat."

* * *

Not to Be Convinced.

A farmer of the old school was inveighing against cream separators.

"I tell you they ain't no good," he said.

"But," replied the more progressive neighbor, "they do save cream. You can make more butter. Any one can tell you that."

The farmer was not to be convinced.

"If I wanted to get more cream," he said, "I'd rather get another cow."

RICH MEN'S SONS

Or, THE WAR OF THE PRODIGALS By GEO. T. HARGREAVES

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 39, September 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAW SEIZES DICK.

"YOU'RE all right, kid," grunted the policeman beside Dansbey, as the last of the crowd of assailants disappeared. Dick calmly restored his revolver to his pocket and turned to look at his battered taxi. "But I'd advise ye to keep an eye peeled for trouble from this out. They'll be laying fer you at every corner."

The new chauffeur rubbed first his shoulder and then his knee where the flying missiles of the strikers had landed. Then he snapped:

"Let 'em lay. The next time they try making me a target for their bricks I'll scatter some hot lead right among 'em."

Then he slowly trundled his damaged car back to the garage. Two bluecoats accompanied him, but there was no further outbreak.

"You hired me under false pretenses," the employe of an hour sharply saluted the boss. "Why didn't you give me a steer about this strike business? I might have been killed."

"I was afraid if I put you wise, you wouldn't take out a cab," the man apologized. "And besides," he went on, with a bantering smile, "I thought your name would help our side. Make influence, you see. 'The son of Hiram Dansbey, the dry goods millionaire, enlists to break the chauffeur's strike.' That'll read bad in the papers this afternoon, eh? Yes, bad," and he chuckled.

"You mean you've given my name to the newspapers?" Dick demanded hotly.

"Why not?" the man retorted. "That's what you hired out to us for, wasn't it?"

"The publicity? No, not on your life. I hired out for your thirty a week," declared Dansbey. But the anger slowly died out of his eyes. A new idea smothered it.

Coincidently with the new idea arrived several brisk young men. Dick knew them at once for reporters. At their volley of questions he merely smiled indulgently.

"Couldn't think of giving away my information," he said decidedly. "But I'll sell it. Better ask your managing editors how much they'll pay for a couple of articles by Richard Dansbey, one on how to run a strike and the other how to break it—with personal experiences."

The brisk young men were bright also. They snapped eagerly at the novelty of the suggestion. Neighboring telephones buzzed with their messages. They were back in five minutes. The first, a man from the Star, tried to buttonhole Dick into a corner.

"Nothing doing like that, my friend," he shook his head. "This is an open competition. Put all your cards down on the table."

"Well, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for a couple of articles for the Star about a thousand words apiece," offered the first reporter.

"Do you raise that?" inquired Dick, turning to the other men.

"I'll give you fifty for the two and some action pictures of yourself," bid the man from the Moon.

"Going," auctioned the new chauffeur, "going at fifty. To the—what? The Moon. All right. D'you raise it?" and he looked at the third reporter quizzically.

"I'll give you seventy-five for the two articles and some photos for the Planet, but you'll have to make the story of the battle exclusive," the third man conditioned.

"Exclusive? What do you mean by that?" inquired Dick. "I don't want to get tangled up in any more leap-before-you-look deals."

"Exclusive," explained the Planet representative, "means that only we get your stuff. You're to tell what you've got to nobody else. A scoop do you see?"

Dansbey nodded his head understandingly.

"Going, going—at seventy-five," he invited a raise; "a couple of priceless contributions to contemporaneous literature. The secrets of industrial upheavels disclosed by an expert. Going—at a paltry seventy-five dollars."

The garage boss, a couple of helpers, and three policemen, forming a ring about Dick and the three reporters, grinned at the oddity of the proceedings.

"Not going to raise seventy-five?" exclaimed Dansbey, in feigned surprise, as he glanced at the lower bidders. "Gad, boys, look what you're losing! A Fifth avenue sprig turned industrious. A son of a millionaire working for thirty a week. And he's got a red-hot story of a pitched battle in Eighth avenue. And you're getting it ex—ex—what's that, now—oh, yes, exclusive. A bargain, fellows, a great bargain—even at a hundred. Come on, now. Make it a hundred."

"Can't do it," announced the man from the Moon. "Fifty was my limit."

"And you?" quizzed Dick coaxingly turning to the Star reporter. "Are you going to let this get away from you? Think of the swell picture I'll make," and he set his arms akimbo and posed himself on a toe in irony. "I'll be the talk of the town for twenty-four hours. And you fellows won't have a smell at what I say unless you raise the seventy-five. Going at seventy-five."

"'Tain't worth it," snapped the man from the Star, and he turned away to other sources of information.

"All right, we'll see," Dansbey shot back. "You've got 'em, you Planet man, at seventy-five." He locked arms with the successful bidder and started toward the garage door.

"You're not goin' to quit the job?" the garage boss inquired, disappointedly.

"Yes, till I'm bullet-proof," Dick returned. He passed over the revolver intrusted to him earlier in the day. "Here, take it. Nice little plaything, but I'm a little too young for it. Better keep it yourself. Looks as if you were going to need it."

He turned to the reporter who had obtained his services.

"How about my pay? When do I get that?" he inquired.

"I'm going to telephone down for a photographer," the Planet man replied. "We'll move on down to the Astor. I'll have the dough sent up with him there."

A grimace crossed the face of the rich man's son.

"Maybe I've done you dirt, young fellow," he apologized; "I can't write any stuff for the newspapers. I wouldn't know how to say it. I'll sure be a frost."

"Oh, leave that to me," announced the reporter. "I'll do the trick for you."

"How's that?"

"Oh, you give me your ideas and I'll polish them up. You won't have to do any writing."

"You don't say? That's the way you work it, eh? I get all the glory and you do all the work. D'you suppose I could get a regular job on those terms?"

"You might," replied the reporter, sardonically. "They do lots worse fool stunts than that on the Planet. But come along. I've got orders to get your 'dope' in early."

So they strolled down Broadway to the Astor. Thrilling with the experiences of the morning, Dick had no eyes for the folk about him. Hence he failed to notice a group of three men who followed closely at his heels and whose eyes evinced an ugly interest.

When Dansbey and the reporter had settled themselves at a table in the cafe, from the doorway, one of the three followers kept them continually in sight. And when, after an hour of question and answer Dick had relieved himself of the story of his day's experiences and some ideas about strikes and labor unions borne of his stress, the watcher was still there. To him came his two fellows shortly, and with them a third man, keen-eyed and iron-faced.

As Dick and the reporter rose to leave, the man of the saber eyes approached them leisurely.

"Your name Dansbey?" he accosted Dick.

"Yes, sir, Richard Dansbey, son of Hiram Dansbey," responded the young man, briskly. "What's wanted?"

"You're wanted," the other answered, and his heavy jaw snapped shut.

"I? For what, please?" asked Dick in bewilderment.

"Two charges," returned the man as he dipped a hand into an inner pocket, at the same time flipping open the lapel of his coat so that the gleam of a shining badge pinned to its inner side was evident. "One of them is discharging firearms in the street. The other is running a taxi without a license. D'you want to see the warrants?" and the plain-clothes man drew them out and thrust them toward the astounded Dansbey.

"And who are you?" inquired he, with a curious little quaver in his voice.

"Simms, my name is; Fred Simms. I'm a detective."

"And who is it makes these charges?" Dick inquired, his mouth working nervously.

"Those chaps you tried to shoot up a while ago," was the disturbing information. "It's lucky for you they left enough of you to be arrested. Come on; I ain't going to put on the bracelets if you'll agree to go along quietly."

"But——" blurted Dick, his head in confusion.

"Save 'em, save 'em, son," said Simms, unsympathetically. "Save 'em and tell 'em to the Judge. You'll need 'em all there."

"I might have been killed!"

CHAPTER XI.

DICK'S DAY IN COURT.

OUT of the hotel and down the steps into crowded Broadway Dick Dansbey obediently accompanied the detective. As they picked their way across the automobile-cluttered street, the rich man's son found himself wondering at the astonishing transformation in his career.

In all his years of wild carousal and untamed prodigality he had never been actually arrested. To be sure, he had been warned occasionally and ordered to appear in court for fast driving. But never had he had to suffer the close surveillance of an officer of the law. Here, now, though only an hour or two after he had started to earn his own way, he found himself bound for a police station and for all he knew—a cell.

"Fine encouragement for the chap who wants to reform," he muttered to himself. He gritted his teeth. "But I'll see it through," he vowed.

The Planet man, scenting new developments in his exclusive story, followed Dick to the station as soon as he had communicated by 'phone with his city editor.

The police lieutenant on the desk looked gloweringly over the tops of his glasses as Dansbey was brought in. He made entry of the arrest in the "Blotter"—as the daily record book is designated.

Had it not been for the interposition of Haley, the Planet reporter, Dick would have had to endure the ignominy of a cell. As it was, he was allowed to wait in a corner of the station house the arrival of a patrol wagon to convey him to the West Side police court with the rest of the morning's collection of prisoners.

Behind two drunks, a pickpocket, two gamblers, and a confidence man, he was pushed into the confines of the dark vehicle, and rumbled through the streets to court. He burned inwardly with savage mortification. He found himself wondering what Jane would think of his predicament, of how the whole town would laugh at his plight, of how the fellows of his own set would everlasting guy him for his unlucky exploit in self-support.

He gave more than a passing thought, also, to Philip Ariston. He felt that his rival must have made a far better start toward the seventy-five thousand dollar prize. It was certain, he assured himself, that his competitor wasn't facing the handicap of a term on Blackwell's Island.

When it came his turn to face the Magistrate—a round, well-fed, florid-faced individual, who paid less attention to the prisoners before him than to the newspaper flattened discreetly upon his desk—Dick had recovered his nerve. He felt his backbone stiffening, too, when he happened to glance back into the motley throng that crowded the seats and lined the rear walls of the courtroom and imagined he recognized many of the faces that had menaced him in the riot of the morning. They had come to be in "at the death."

"Got an attorney?" the Court asked.

"I don't believe I need one, your honor," replied Dick. "I'll conduct my own case."

But Dick's eyes opened wide in astonishment at the testimony against him, then closed until through only a thin slit could be seen the blaze of his anger.

The first witness—Eddie Duncan, he gave his name to the clerk of the court—was prolific in details of the firearm charge.

"I was goin' up Eight' avenue," he told the Magistrate, "w'en I sees a crowd closin' on a taxi. I stops by th' curb jus' es this gink"—he waved his hand crossly toward the prisoner—"stops his machine and hops down into th' street. He wuz almighty fresh wit' his mouth. The crowd give him plenty o' room, when he whips out his gun, but he throws his arm up in the air and pops it a couple o' times. He nearly hit a couple o' guys."

"Your honor, I'd like to ask a question or two," Dick put in sharply.

"Well," grunted the Magistrate, noncommittally.

"If you were back of this crowd you tell about," the prisoner addressed the man on the stand, "how is it you were able to see everything that happened down in the front of it?"

"I sees over the heads," snapped the witness.

"But how do you know I pulled the revolver? Couldn't some one down in front of me have pulled it and you have been mistaken?"

"It wuz daylight, bo, an' me eyes don't need glasses yet."

"You say I fired two shots into the air?" quizzed Dick, "Two, eh?"

"That's w'at I says."

"All right," and Dick turned to where the Planet man, Haley, was calmly observing proceedings. Haley had nodded pleasantly to the Court and chatted with the clerk.

The prisoner beckoned the reporter to him and whispered:

"Get that garage on the 'phone, and have that cop that rode with me hustle

over here right away. Have him bring the gun I used, too."

As Haley hastened out, Dick nodded to the Magistrate that he was through with the witness.

The second man on the stand supplied fuller details of the scrimmage of the morning.

"I was just comin' out of the barber shop in the block when I sees the crowd thickenin'. I looks up the street an' I sees this feller comin' along like about twenty miles an hour—faster'n the limit, anyway. I gets caught in the push, an' before I knows it I'm out in the street in front of it. I seen he was a 'scab,' because he ain't runnin' his machine straight—wobblin' all over the pavement. Wonder somebody wa'nt hit. He spits out the dirtiest line of guff, I've heard in a month, as he gets close to the crowd."

Dick began to wonder whether he was in the throes of a nightmare or in a court of law. It was difficult for him to conceive that on oath tales so variant from the truth could be told. He began to catch a dim impression that, in police parlance, he was being "framed up"—that a case was being made out against him through perjury as a punishment for the part he had taken in the strike.

"When he gets close," the witness went on spiritedly, "he stops sudden like and flops out of his seat. I seen every move, because I was in front of the crowd. He talks mean enough to have his mouth pushed in. I was expectin' to see him laid cold by somebody. But they was all quiet. Nobody says a word or does a thing aga'n't him. An' then he tried to start a fight. He pulls his gun and let fliver—twice in the air, and then twice down at my legs. If I hadn't jumped out of the way, I'd got it in both feet. An' the crowd didn't say nothing to him. He was lookin' for a fight. But the crowd was peaceful."

Dansbey fairly felt the atmosphere of guilt settle down about him. He had expected to clear his way to freedom when he entered the court. But here he was confronted by testimony that damned him so effectually that he fairly blinked at the audacity of it. Then he grinned—and for him to grin in danger was to know that his fighting blood was superheated.

CHAPTER XII.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

"WELL," bluffed the Magistrate, as he jerked his head to dismiss the second witness, and frowned down at Dick, "what have you got to say to all this?"

"Your honor, it's a lie—a blamed lie—the most of it," blurted the prisoner.

"Here, here," and the Magistrate brought down his gavel sharply, "you can't talk like that here—about respectable witnesses."

Justice was bowing to the mob. The Magistrate had looked over the crowd that filled his courtroom and scented the popular side of the case. He was a worldly-wise magistrate. He liked his job so well that he wanted to keep it. To do that he must listen to the voice of the multitude that elects. Let justice go hang.

"Well, what's your side?" he asked gruffly.

Dick took the stand and the oath. He gave a plain, straightforward account of the happenings of the morning. He frankly admitted his failure to hold a chauffeur's license, and he narrated, not without a touch of pride, how in self-defense he had held off the mob. But he did not depart a syllable from the exact truth. He felt the "copper" who had been at his side would fully bear him out.

"Got anybody to corroborate you?" the Magistrate jerked out.

"I expect the patrolman who rode with me in here any minute, your honor. He'll bear me out."

But Dansbey's expectations shriveled. Even as he turned from the stand, Haley pushed his way forward.

"I daren't bring the 'copper' down," the reporter whispered. "He'd throw you, too. He's wise to the gang against you. Don't want to get in bad with them. See? They'd mark him."

Dick was conscious of a chill streaking down his back. The full embarrassment of his situation flashed upon him. A jail sentence appeared inevitable. Two men had sworn against him and sworn well. Against them stood only his uncorroborated statement. And he was prejudiced, the Court would consider.

Moreover he had sensed the disposition of the Magistrate to bow to the sentiment of the crowd that filled the courtroom. And that was thumbs down. He began to recall all the stories he had heard about life on Blackwell's Island, the city prison. Once he thought to call upon his father for aid in his dilemma, but he rejected the idea. He had got into this mess alone. He'd see it out alone. Besides, it was all a part of his contest with Ariston. He would violate the conditions of the wager, he decided sharply, were he to seek help in getting clear now.

Yet he felt his heart tighten at the prospect of being deprived of activity for—say, three months. Surely this magistrate would not, could not send him up for more than three months. But in that time what a long stride Ariston would be able to take in the winning of the $75,000 wager! And, worst of all, what would Jane Haverstraw think of him for falling down so miserably?

"Well," the Magistrate broke in shortly, "where's the rest of your story?"

"There won't be any, your honor," replied Dick, eying him steadily. "I'll stand on what I've told you."

"Humph!" the folds of fat in the neck of the Court rippled as he cleared his throat and prepared to raise his voice that his finding might easily reach the poised ears of the crowd. "I'm disposed to overlook the fact that you went out without a license," he boomed. "That might easily be a piece of thoughtlessness. Though that isn't any sufficient excuse. You're old enough to know the law."

The Magistrate paused and again cleared his throat. Haley, meantime, paused close to the side of the prisoner, and nonchalantly rested an elbow on the edge of the Judge's desk. His sharp eyes appeared to be waiting for a cue.

"But this other business," the Court blared on, "is different. There's been too much of this wild gunplay in this town lately. You fellers, especially that have got rich fathers, have got to be taught that you can't run loose as you might in some lawless Western town. It's lucky you didn't send some innocent looker-on to the morgue. But because you didn't hit somebody is no reason why I should overlook an unwarranted violation of the law. Being a first offense I won't, of course, inflict the extreme penalty but——"

"I say, your honor," Haley broke in, tapping the Magistrate lightly upon the sleeve, "listen a minute, will you?"

The Court bent its eyes to the reporter. The stern lines of its face softened a bit. The pause appeared to give the reporter permission to speak. He took quick advantage of it.

"Of course, I don't want to influence your decision a bit, Judge," Haley apologized deftly, " but I just wanted to tell you that Dansbey here is working for the Planet now on an important matter, and I know the office would hate like thunder to lose him even for a day. If you could see your way clear to please the Planet that much——"

"Humph! The Planet, eh?" the Magistrate lowered his tones discreetly. "Well, you fellows down there have always done the square thing by me. I'd like to please 'em but——"

"Oh, you can bet you can please them in this," Haley drove the point home. "Besides, this fellow's been put in wrong. This gang in here is trying a 'frame-up'."

"Tut! tut!" expostulated the Magistrate, unconvincingly. "I can scent a 'frame-up' as quick as the next one. These fellows are all right. But if the Planet really needs this man——"

"It sure does, Judge," insisted the reporter. "Needs him badly."

Dick had stood with a twinkle in his eye throughout the interruption. This fellow Haley, he settled, was some diplomat. He steadied his face as the Magistrate turned to him once more.

"I'm making this reprimand," the Judge announced in a lowered voice, "much less severe than you deserve. I ought to give you thirty days in the workhouse to get a little of the freshness out of your system. But in view of what Mr. Haley tells me here"—he nodded friendlily toward the reporter—"I'm willing to do a little service to the Planet. Seventy-five dollars fine," and the Magistrate dismissed the dumfounded Dick with his eyes.

"But I'm flat broke," Dansbey muttered, as Haley caught him by the arm and led him down from the bridge. "I'm as bad off as if I'd been sent up. I can't pay any fine—not even a nickel."

"Forget it!" chuckled the Planet man and he thrust a roll of bills into Dick's hand. "Here's your allowance from the office—seventy-five. Pay your fine and come on outside. The photographer that brought up the dough is waiting to get some good shots of you."

Free, but penniless again, Dick followed Haley out. He took pains to glance defiantly into the muttering faces in the crowd. Then, clear of the foul air of the huddled courtroom, he turned to Haley and exclaimed:

"Man, you're in a great business, eh? He was going to send me up. He wanted to please that mob. He didn't give a rap because my dad was rich. But he was afraid of the Planet—the press, eh? Some pull you've got, eh?"

"Oh, they all fight shy of hurting us!"

"Well, I don't know how to thank you," Dansbey smiled at the reporter, "but I'll pay you in part with another—another—what do you call 'em?—oh, yes, another scoop."

Haley's unemotional face held steady, but his eyes twinkled.

"Kiddo, you've got some gait, haven't you? What now?" he breezed.

"Haley, this is better than the one you've already got. Listen," and Dick twisted his mouth shyly. "I started a six months' race for $75,000, two nights ago, with another guy, to see who could make the most money. Started without a cent. And I'm still without a cent. Getting ahead fast, eh?"

The Planet man was shaken out of his habitual sang-froid.

"That right? Say, we'll have you splattered all over the first page tonight. You'll be the talk of the town for a week. Shake, kiddo, your fortune's made!" and the reporter nearly jerked the arm of the rich man's son out of its socket.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIMON JENKS GETS A JOB.

A WEEK later Dick Dansbey was one of the most talked about men in the metropolis. His eccentricities as a harum-scarum in the past had brought him occasionally into the public prints. They had told about his wild feats in auto speeding. His attempt to drive his car up the sacred steps of the city hall had drawn two day's attention to him. But now he had been an illustrated and word-pictured feature for seven full days.

Telephone calls, messengers, and letters from managing editors and city editors poured in upon him. He was offered salaries ranging from fifty to two hundred dollars a week in the hope of inducing him to attach himself to editorial staffs. His every public appearance, his every unusual attitude was snapped by a camera man.

Theatrical managers hounded him, too. He was tempted with astonishing sums to show himself on the vaudeville stage. Even the moving picture promoters besought him to pose in a series of scenes for their films. But he would have none of them.

"You can make a barrel of money if you'll do some of these stunts," urged Haley, who had become very chummy with Dansbey.

The reporter was inspired by no good Samaritan spirit, however. He clung to Dick because the rich man's son was furnishing him with at least one sparkling first-page scoop a day.

"Now, what's the use?" frowned Dansbey. "I'm not going into your business. I'm not going to make a monkey of myself on the stage. I'm no fool—if I do look it."

"I know, but you're out to win this wager, aren't you?" argued the newspaper man.

"I sure am," assented Dick, warmly. "But I'm going to win it honestly and fairly. Anyway, dad wants to get me started in something that'll be decent and that I can follow as a business. A month ago, old man, I wouldn't have cared a tinker's damn what I did. But now it's different. Ever since that fight in the street a week ago, I've been seeing things differently. I've been a blamed fool long enough. I'm going to learn the tricks of the wise man now."

Even as he spoke there was visioned far back in the young man's mind the figure of a young woman that could not have been mistaken for any one other than kindly Jane Haverstraw. But Dick never would have admitted to any one but himself that she was the real inspiration in his reformation—in his desire to maintain himself on a business standard.

Haley, however, furnished one suggestion that Dick was quick to adopt. Since the automobile was apparently to be the field of Dansbey's activities—during the strike he had obtained a license and run his own touring car as a public "for hire" vehicle and picked up some extravagant fees—the reporter saw no reason why his protege should not press it to the limit.

"Why don't you get into that twelve-hour race at Brighton Beach motordrome next week?" urged Haley.

Dansbey looked up sharply, the light of excitement in his eye.

"What's the answer?" he smiled.

"A first prize of a thousand dollars, a second of five hundred, and a third of two-fifty."

"But look who's in it—Havens and Spelter and Urseld and Brewster—all first-string men," returned Dick.

"What of it? I'd back you against any of 'em."

"But would they let me into the race?" Haley laughed raucously.

"Would they? Say, they'd be glad to give you a bonus to get you in. Why, say man, you're the biggest drawing card in this little old town just now. Even Teddy Roosevelt couldn't outdraw you."

Dick could well testify to the truth of the reporter's remark. For seven busy days he had not been able to appear in public without attracting a wide-eyed, gaping, chattering crowd. The devotion of the curious had begun to pall.

"Haley, I believe I could beat that bunch," exclaimed Dansbey, "though twelve hours of continuous driving is some work."

"Pshaw, didn't you make the run from here to Buffalo over poor roads in twenty-four hours, without any trouble? I tell you it's a pipe."

"Let's see. I'll have a full week to train," speculated Dick. "Well, I'll try it. Put men in, will you?"

So it was settled, and Haley put over another scoop.

Ariston's cold eyes read the stories of his antagonist's exploits with mingled envy and scorn. He had no means of knowing exactly how Dansbey was faring in the game of money-making, though from the newspaper accounts he judged that he was piling up considerable gain, which goes to show that newspaper accounts, especially in the cases of exploited persons, are not particular about the truth. For the truth was that Dansbey, frugally as he was living, had been able to get only a hundred dollars ahead.

But whatever Ariston thought of Dansbey's earnings, he was fairly well satis-

(Continued on page twenty-three.)

Style Book of Underwear Sweaters Hosiery

Free

Style Book of Underwear, Sweaters and Hosiery Free

BEFORE making your Winter selection, consult this 60-page illustrated catalogue of high-grade underwear, sweaters and hosiery, made in our own mill and sold at only a modest manufacturing profit. You PAY NO MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT. Far-sighted women save money through the Rowe & Cronin method of supplying every member of the family with underwear at factory prices.

In making your purchases from this catalogue you obtain a price-advantage unequaled elsewhere, whether you buy at retail stores or by mail.

When writing, ask for our Special $2.00 Underwear Offer for Men and Women. The saving possible by purchasing through us should prompt an immediate response.

ROWE & CRONIN CO.,
320-354 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Sent FREE on Trial

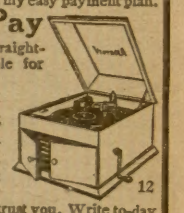
VICTOR Talking Machine

You need not send me one cent. I will send you a genuine Victor or Victrola—any one you may choose from my complete, illustrated catalog; with six double faced records (12 pieces to play), for a free trial. Then if you decide to keep it, I will sell it to you on my easy payment plan.

One Year to Pay

No catches or conditions. This is a straightforward offer that makes it possible for everyone to own a Victor or

VICTROLA



As little as $2.00 a month will pay for one. If, after the trial, you decide that you don't want it, just notify me and send it back at my expense. The risk is all mine. I trust you. Write to-day for my handsomely illustrated catalog; it is Free.

PETER GOODWIN, President, Peter Goodwin Mercantile Co., Victor and Victrola Distributors, 1003 Century Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

SIX ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 12 boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures. Sell the Cloverine at 25c. each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us $3.00 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them.

Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge $1.00 each for them.

A doctor discovered "Cloverine." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Piles, Colds, Catarrh. Write today—be first in your town. Address

The Wilson Chemical Company
Curtain Dept. No. 14
TYRONE, • • PA.

FREE! Handy Book for Trappers

If you are interested, we will send you this book free and keep you informed as to prices on all kinds of Furs.

LURIT It Will Attract All Animals To Your Traps

A large sample bottle for 25c. Guaranteed to increase your catch or money refunded.

It Advertises US To Satisfy YOU

ST. LOUIS COMMISSION CO.,
Dept. 10 208 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

SAVE ½ ON YOUR MILLINERY. OUR FREE

Catalog showing a gorgeous and complete selection of Ostrich Plumes, Bands, Untrimmed, Trimmed, Dress and Children's Hats, Marabou Scarfs and Muffs, Fancy Feathers, Silks, etc., tells you how to save one-half.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

This genuine French Ostrich Plume, 14 in. long (worth $2), sent postpaid on receipt of $1. Money back if not satisfied.

WILLOW PLUME $3
18 in. long, 18 in. wide. Worth $6. Special value

FIFTH AVENUE FEATHER CO., 286 Fifth Ave., Dept. 117 NEW YORK

WATCH & CHAIN FREE

We will give away thousands of Watches and Chains to introduce our cards and jewelry and we want you to have one. Send 10c for 20 HIGH GRADE ART POST CARDS and free Watch and Chain offer.

PEERLESS CO.
Dept. 6 1135 E. 63rd St., Chicago

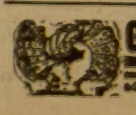
FREE BAND INSTRUMENT CATALOG

WURLITZER

We supply the U. S. Gov't

Catalog contains 282 pages, 753 illus., 67 color-plates, 2561 articles described—every known musical instrument. Superb quality & lowest direct prices. Free trial, easy payments. Write for the big Catalog. Address the nearer one.

The RUDOLPH WURLITZER Co.
100 E. 4th, Cin'ti, 307 S. Wabash, Chicago



Greenbacks GENUINE uncirculated money from the U. S. Treasury, at Washington. Send 10 cents for sample pack of about $500.00 and book of valuable advice. STAR CO., 711 Dearborn, Chicago.

Detective Crawley's Nerve

Or, Playing a Trump Card By Warne Miller, M. D.

"My God! You believe that I killed him?"

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 40, October 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

NEWS OVER THE PHONE.

"DO YOU want me to cultivate the acquaintance of Jack, and find out what can ail him?" asked the sleuth.

"Oh! it sounds so harsh—as if I had lost confidence in him! But it is not so, Mr. Crawley; I assure you that his happiness is very dear to me. Only he did seem so strange this morning; and there was a look in his eyes that alarmed me. Why, for the first time since we became engaged Jack averted his gaze. What can be the matter? I am sure something terrible has happened to him! Where could he have been last night?"

Her blushes had vanished, leaving her perfect face as white as marble, such was her emotion, her fear.

"I think I understand, my dear young lady. Not for worlds would you think of employing a common detective to watch Jack, and report upon his movements. But you really fear that he is in trouble, and you want me to find out the truth. Is that it?"

"Yes, yes. But dear Mr. Crawley, if it turns out to be something that is not at all extraordinary, please do not explain. I do not want to know anything unless the dear boy is in trouble, and I ought to be allowed to comfort him. For in a month we expect to be married you know, if all is well."

"Certainly, and I honor you for your loyalty to the man of your choice," said Crawley.

And yet just then he had discovered a new source of bewilderment. If Doris really loved Jack in this fashion, surely the other must be a silly jackass not to realize that he had nothing to fear from the attentions of Allan Thorndyke, handsome though the society beau might be deemed. And if that were so, why under Heaven should Jack allow himself to be swayed by the meanest type of jealousy, so that he would take advantage of an opportunity to do his rival bodily harm?

Somehow the idea pleased Crawley. It opened up a chance that after all young Jenks might not turn out to be the guilty wretch circumstances just at present seemed to indicate.

"You do not think it wrong for me to feel this interest in the man I expect to marry, do you, Mr. Crawley?" she went on.

"Not in the slightest, I assure you. If you were actuated by a mere desire to learn whether he had any of the weaknesses man is heir to, I might feel differently; but I understand and appreciate the true motive."

"And you will try and find out if he is really in any trouble?"

"Surely. That will prove a small matter to me, you understand, Miss Doris. And is this all you wished to speak about?"

"Yes. While it may sound ridiculous to you, I assure you, sir, it is a matter of considerable moment to me. If you had only seen how strangely Jack looked at me this morning. Why, I have seen that expression on his face when he was pitying some poor wretch! But why would he feel that way toward me?"

Crawley could give a guess; but not for worlds would he have ventured to startle this innocent and lovely girl with a glimpse of the terrible shadow hovering over the head of her Jack at that very moment. Only in case of actual certainty was such an action permissible. And this wise man had seen too many clews prove false to believe anything positive until it had been proved. So he gravely shook hands with Doris, and left the car, losing himself in the great throng that passed up and down Broadway close at hand.

Doubtless the young lady resumed her shopping, and with a lighter heart than she had carried during the last two hours. For she felt the utmost confidence in the ability of James Crawley to learn the truth, and possibly dispel the gloom with a magician's wand.

Crawley himself was not at all sure that the skies would clear so easily for the General's daughter. He had visited at the elegant home of the Tremaines, and taken considerable interest in both children of the old Wall street operator; Doris had a brother Tom, who had seemed a bright boy, the detective remembered. He had practically eliminated Van Winkle from among the list of suspects. All the conditions went to prove that it could not have been the hand of Rudolph that had brought that fatal brick down on the skull of Thorndyke while they were wrestling in their half-drunken humor.

If another arm had been thrust over Van Winkle's shoulder at the time, he had not seen it; but considering his condition that did not render the thing impossible. Far from it.

There was Slim Jim, always on the lookout for an opportunity to pick up easy money—could he have been the offender, meaning to only stun the two gentlemen, so that he might rob them at his leisure? Well, it was not improbable, come to think of it. And if the burglar, realizing from the awful flow of blood that he had struck too hard, had been seized with a sudden panic, he would have undoubtedly fled from the scene of the tragedy without waiting to commit robbery.

But even here there was one point that made the wise detective shake his head in the negative when this explanation cropped up before him. He had seen the victim of the mysterious assault; and had noted the frightful effect of the impact between that sharp-edged brick and the head of poor Thorndyke. Only the muscular arm of a furious man who had murder in his heart at the time, could have wielded that instrument of assassination!

So Slim Jim would appear to be out of the game, if the diagnosis of the sleuth were worth a picayune. Nevertheless, he was firmly convinced that the burglar would be able to cast more or less light on the mystery, when found. If a witness, he could give the detective points calculated to turn his attention in the proper quarter.

Meanwhile he could be looking up John Jenks, both on his own account, and because he had promised that devoted girl he would do so.

As was his custom, on his way downtown Crawley dropped into a drugstore and used the telephone to call up his house. He found that it paid him to keep in touch with his head center; and that frequently he was saved unnecessary steps, and much confusion, by getting information that may have arrived since his leaving home. Philip answered his hail.

"Any one been in?" asked Crawley, in his usual perfunctory way.

"No one, sir, as yet."

"Any calls on the wire?"

"Yes, sir, just one."

"Tell me about it, Philip."

"A gentleman by the name of Bonaventure wanted to talk with you very much. He made me promise to have you call him up as soon as you got back."

"Bonaventure—did he give his first name, and was it the same as yours, Philip?"

"Yes, sir, that's the gentleman."

"I suppose he didn't mention the nature of his business he wanted to see me about?" continued the detective, smiling at the time he put the question, as though he might give a shrewd guess concerning the possible answer that would be forthcoming.

"Well, only that his house had been robbed, sir, and a lot of stuff taken."

"When did this occur, Philip, did he say?"

"I suppose last night, sir, because he told me they had just made an unpleasant discovery this morning."

"But why should he come to me when the police ought to be the ones to try and recover the plunder?"

"This was not the first time he had been robbed; and he said, sir, that his unpleasant experiences with the city detectives some years back had made him determined that if another occasion came along he would try a private means for recovering his valuables."

"I see. Did he happen to mention any particulars?"

"No, sir, only that the thief had carried off some little ornaments his wife valued more than money; and that he would gladly pay any reasonable sum for their recovery."

"That sounds like Bonaventure might be willing to compromise a felony; but I rather imagine he means it as an attractive bait for me to take the job. Well, I may see him shortly. Tell him so if he calls up again, Philip. That's all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then good-by."

Crawley seemed to be in an exceedingly thoughtful frame of mind as he left the booth. Perhaps the reason for this might be understood by any one who happened to know that the Bonaventure house chanced to stand in the very next street from that in which the body of poor Thorndyke had been stumbled upon by the detective at three o'clock that morning!

There was no accident in this circumstance. He believed that before the end of the trail was reached the two facts would dovetail together to help make up a complete whole.

And so, step by step, he felt that he was making decided progress toward that time when the dark mystery of Allan Thorndyke's death would stand revealed.

CHAPTER VI.

FENCING.

HALF an hour after Crawley found himself near the building where he had

REVIVED

Old-Time Health, Eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had been sick for 10 years with dyspepsia and a lot of complications," wrote an Ark. woman.

"An operation was advised, change of climate was suggested, but no one seemed to know just what was the matter. I was in bed three days in the week and got so thin I weighed only 89 pounds. No food seemed to agree with me.

"I told my husband I was going to try some kind of predigested food to see if I could keep from this feeling of continued hunger.

"Grape-Nuts and cream was the food I got and nothing has seemed to satisfy me like it. I never feel hungry, but have a natural appetite. Have had no nervous spells since I began this food, and have taken no medicine.

"I have gained so much strength that I now do all my housework and feel well and strong. My weight has increased 8 pounds in 8 weeks and I shall always eat Grape-Nuts as it is far pleasanter than taking medicines." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter. A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TAKE THIS MAN'S ADVICE

TRY THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

It always gives me pleasure to recommend anything that is right and so I feel it my duty to herald the praises of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

For years I was troubled with kidney disease and it was so intense that I was bedridden for days at a time. I gave up all hope and doctors for miles around gave me no help. Incidentally I tried several patent remedies and at last tried Swamp-Root. From the first it gave me relief and it was no time before I was able to be up and around and now I am perfectly well and able to work as I used to before my terrible sickness.

So now let me thank you for your wonderful discovery and take this opportunity to recommend it to all who suffer from kidney troubles.

Yours very truly,
WALTER SHIVER,
Hope, Ark.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th of March, 1912.
A. V. WARE, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

THE BEST WATCH
ILLINOIS
ON EASY CREDIT

Send for our handsome *Free* Catalog and select your Illinois Watch—the watch that is *sure* to meet your demands for accuracy, wear and beauty. Every model guaranteed absolutely by both the manufacturer and ourselves, and sent you *prepaid* subject to your satisfaction—if you like it, you keep it and *pay only a small amount each month.*

Highest Grade Watch

We are an exclusive Illinois Watch House, selling the highest grade of Illinois Watches *only.* Don't confuse the Illinois Watches *we* sell with offers made by department stores, general mail order houses and dealers, who handle various inferior grades of watches as a side line. When you buy from *us* you are *absolutely protected* in getting the *best* watch, *because all models sold by us contain 17 jewels or more, adjusted to 3 positions or more, besides adjusted to temperature and isochronism.*

Easy Credit Terms

You *can't* duplicate the Illinois Watches *we* sell at *our* prices on credit terms, with the 25 year guarantee and service that *we* give. Sent on approval anywhere. We do as we say we do—live up to every assertion in our guarantee. Handsome catalog FREE. Write *today.*

Freddro Watch Co.
Dept. 307, St. Louis, Mo.

Freddro Watches Will Please You

OUR SPECIAL $6.50
Suit Made to Order

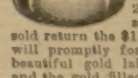
Linings Guaranteed for Two Years

Made to your individual measure from any selection of cloth, in any style and guaranteed to fit you perfectly. Our suits are made by the only system in the world, which insures perfect fit, and are not approached in price, variety of style, quality of materials, trimmings and workmanship by any other house. We save you half on any clothes you buy.

AMAZING AGENCY OFFER

Write us and we will send you absolutely free, complete sample outfit, and large selection of cloth samples, latest fashion illustrations, order blanks, tape measure, complete instructions how to take measurements. We will show you how easy it is to get into well paying business. Hundreds of our agents are making $5 to $15 a day. You need no money or experience—we furnish you everything to start. You can make good money using spare time only. Profit on two orders pays for your own suit.

THE CAPITOL TAILORS
Dept. 100, Monroe & Market Sts, Chicago



RING AND BRACELET GIVEN

for selling 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at 25c per box. A great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward this beautiful gold laid bracelet and the gold filled wedding ring, or choice from our large premium catalogue. **SEND NO MONEY,** we trust you.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 254, Woodsboro, Md.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

Agents Smash All Records

Lowest Prices Get Quick Sales

Agents, listen! Here is your one big chance to tie up with a live line of quick sellers. Everybody knows about Great Eastern goods. We've been established over 20 years—our teas, coffees, baking powders, extracts, spices, soaps, etc., in big demand from coast to coast. Our low prices give you quick action every minute of the day—orders and re-orders come pouring in constantly.

Big Money Selling Cut Price Groceries

Experience not necessary. These goods sell themselves on sight. Big profit on every sale. Our agents coining big money—many $200 a month and more. Will give exclusive territory to a few more good, earnest, energetic men and women agents. **No money required.** We trust you with the goods and furnish elegant sample case. **PRESENTS GIVEN** with each order—makes selling easier. Our high-quality, low-price and free present combination can't be beat—downs all competition. Get in on this. Don't delay. Write today for full particulars.

GREAT EASTERN CO. 312 S. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

$10 to $20—Certain

Selling Ruthstein's STEEL SHOES BOOK FREE

Farmers, Railroad Men, Creamery Workers, Hunters, every man who needs Strong, Long-Wearing, Easy, Comfortable, water and mud-proof, warm in winter and cool in summer shoes, will buy and recommend **RUTHSTEIN'S STEEL SHOES.**

One pair outwears five pair of any other style work-shoe ever made and costs no more than the ordinary leather work-shoes.

LIVE AGENTS HUSTLING AGENTS. AGGRESSIVE AGENTS.

Write today. No experience necessary to sell my Steel Shoes. Every man who once sees them will wear no other style of work shoes. They practically sell themselves. Write for full particulars. Booklet FREE.

N. M. RUTHSTEIN, The Steel Shoe Man
1615 Racine Street RACINE, WISCONSIN

AGENTS SAMPLE BOOK

FREE SUIT

You can get this Beautiful **Tailor Made Suit FREE** just for showing it to your friends. You can then tell them where you got it, that you can have one like it made for them and send their orders to us.

By doing this you will make big money besides. Agents making $33 to $65 a week in just a spare evening now and then. Styles so handsome, prices so low, everyone glad to order from you. This is the only tailoring house giving you strictly wholesale prices and an outright Money Back Guarantee. Only one **FREE** Sample Outfit goes to each county. Send your name today.

CHICAGO TAILORS' ASS'N., Dept. 272, VanBuren and Market Sts., Chicago

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost, by using our attachable outfit. Fits any Bicycle. Easily attached. **No Special Tools Required.**

"IT IS CHEAP RIDING."

Mr. Greenfield of Texas, writes: "The motor I ordered from you some time ago has given good satisfaction. Carries me up any hill and against any wind. It is cheap riding."

Free Book Write today for bargain list and free booklet, describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles all makes, new and second-hand, $35.00 up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 5, Galesburg, Kansas.

We Give These Extension Steel Roller Skates to Boys and Girls

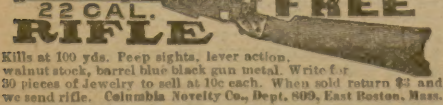
Who sell our gold-eye needles. Just the skates you want—easily earned in a few hours time. Send your name and address for 25 papers of needles and 12 thimbles; you give one thimble with each 2 papers—DON'T SEND MONEY—WE TRUST YOU. When sold return our money and select premium from list of 200. Beautiful Scarf Pin free for promptness. Write us today. It's easy to earn our premiums.

Waverly Supply Co., Box 384 Monongahela, Pa.

FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL. We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the $1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address

GLOBE CO., Box 4 Greenville, Pa.

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE



Kills at 100 yds. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10c each. When sold return $3 and we send rifle. **Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 809, East Boston, Mass.**

You Can Make $7.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. **TEEL DIRECTORY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.**

learned from the telephone directory that John Jenks had an office. The latter was a mechanical engineer, but conducted considerable of his business at home, where he had a little shop fitted up in which he could experiment and work to his heart's content.

Upon being whisked up to the tenth floor of the big downtown office building, Crawley speedily found that John Jenks occupied quite a suite of rooms. Entering, he saw a number of clerks busy with papers, designs, plans, estimates, and such work as skillful draughtsmen employ themselves with.

"Is Mr. Jenks in?" he asked one who approached as if to inquire concerning his business.

"Yes, sir, but I doubt very much whether he will see you this morning," with a glance toward the door marked "Private."

"Is he occupied with some other caller, then?"

"Oh! no, sir."

"Busy with his problems, perhaps?"

"Well, I suppose I might say that; but the truth is, sir, Mr. Jenks told me he had a violent headache this morning, and could not see any one unless they had an appointment with him."

Crawley smiled. Well, from all that he had learned he could not wonder at John Jenks having a splitting headache. When a man has gone without sleep all night, and is moreover worrying very much over something that he cannot confide even in the girl he expects to make his wife within a short four weeks, there would seem to be good reason for mental disturbance.

"Perhaps, though, he might see me. Kindly take my card in to him, and I will abide by the consequences," and as he spoke Crawley hastily scribbled something on the back of a card bearing his own name.

"Yes, sir."

The boy came back a minute later, smiling.

"He will see you, sir. Please pass in this way to his private office."

When Crawley entered he saw that Jenks was awaiting his coming with some show of eagerness. Curiosity was written large upon his face; but whether fear shared the honors or not, even the keen eyes of the experienced sleuth failed to learn. He closed the door, and advanced toward the young inventor, who was sitting in his office chair.

Mr. Jenks had evidently been dabbling a handkerchief in some witch hazel, as the pungent odor of alcohol permeated the office, and a bottle stood plainly on top of the desk. He was still holding the card the other had sent in, and looked from the detective to what had been written on its back.

Crawley immediately dropped [illegible] chair that the other hastened to [illegible] toward him.

"How are you, Mr. Jenks?" he said, taking the hand that was extended toward him, and which he noted was quite feverish.

"Well, able to be around, but suffering with one of my confounded headaches. About once a month they seem to grip me, and I have a day under the weather."

"You show it in your eyes, my dear boy. But then, I suppose young blood must have its fling, even if repentance does come with the dawn?" and Crawley laughed good-naturedly.

"But you are mistaken, Mr. Crawley. Please don't imagine, because you happened to see me abroad at three this morning that I had been making a night of it. As I never indulge in liquor, or play cards, I've never known the delights of the 'morning after' business. My headaches come from overwork, my doctor tells me. And of late I've been pusned frightfully."

He looked at his caller out of the corner of his eye while saying this. Perhaps it was only a natural little action after all, though the smallest trifle may assume gigantic proportions when placed under the magnifying glass of suspicion.

'Pardon my ignorance, my dear fellow. I wouldn't have intimated such a thing for the world had I known of your teetotal principles," he hastened to say.

"But you state on your card that you wanted to speak with me a minute or two in connection with—Miss Tremaine?"

"Yes. The truth is, I knew that would give me an opportunity to have a brief conversation; and it was very important, to me at least, that I be accorded this privilege. I even came downtown on purpose to see you, Mr. Jenks."

"But," said the other, with rising irritation; "you do not mean to tell me that you simply used that name as a talisman to reach me?"

"Certainly not. I just left Miss Doris up in the shopping district, after a little confidential talk."

Ah! That caused the color to leap into the pale cheeks of the young man, while his brow seemed to pucker up into a series of wrinkles. What could have flashed through his mind as his visitor said this significant thing?

Of course, he knew who Crawley was, and what profession he followed, for a man so famous could not keep his light under a bushel. Knowing that he was a detective, with an abnormal faculty for finding the solution of mysterious happenings, did a spasm of deadly fear shoot through the heart of John Jenks just then?

In plain language, had he reason to shiver because a noted detective had deliberately sought him out, and explained that he had come all the way down to this part of the city on purpose to interview him? Well, the shivering could not have been very severe, then, because the keenest eyes in all New York failed to take cognizance of the fact.

"I am at your service, Mr. Crawley," he said, presently.

"I wanted to ask you several things, Mr. Jenks. But first of all, let me tell you a little news that has not leaked out as yet, and which please consider confidential."

He waited purposely, so as to allow the other to feel more or less curiosity.

"Of course you know the Bonaventures?"

"Why, surely, and very well, too."

Not the slightest sign of anxiety there as that name was mentioned; only increased interest.

"I regret to say they met with a loss last night."

"What! nothing serious has happened to Paul, or either of his charming sisters, Gladys and Mazie, I hope?"

"Oh! no, you mistake my meaning. I intended to convey the fact that it was a financial loss entirely."

"Don't tell me Mr. Bonaventure has been robbed again?"

"It is only too true. But from your tone you seem to look upon it as a sort of disease the estimable gentleman is subject to?"

"Well, this will really make the fourth time in fifteen years. And nothing has ever been recovered by the police on any occasion."

"I understood that he had vowed never to appeal to them, if lightning struck him again; and from the fact that he has come to me, I imagine he means to keep his word."

"And after all those burglar alarm wires and such contraptions he had applied to his house; why, the girls often told the most laughable stories of the adventures they had up at their house, when rats started things going. Once Paul, coming home late, set bells to jingling, and had the whole house by the ears."

"Well, apparently this chap was wise to all those things; or else some confederate among the servants disconnected them in view of his call, about three this morning."

John Jenks started and looked sharply at his caller.

"Ah! I see now why you are telling me this, Mr. Crawley. You saw me looking at my watch under that light, when we met so strangely, this morning; and you know that it was just three o'clock then!"

[illegible] dear fellow. [illegible] ber that at [illegible] lock of the [illegible]

[illegible] laughed, but there was no real merriment in the sound.

"But you certainly cannot imagine that I would be guilty of perpetrating so ghastly a joke upon any of my friends, even if it were to carry out a wager that their house could be robbed, despite the contraptions Paul had boasted about?"

"Ridiculous, sir! Such a suspicion never crossed my mind, I assure you."

"Then in what way can I aid you there?"

"I only wanted to discover whether you might possibly have run across any suspicious character in that neighborhood—such a man as would not have hesitated to rob a crib, or even commit a murder, if he had sufficient provocation for so doing?"

He was watching intently to see if any telltale start or shrinking gave evidence that the shot had struck home. But nothing rewarded his vigil.

Either John Jenks must be entirely innocent; or else, having committed his soul to the devil, he found means for disguising his real feelings under a mask so sublime that even this master at the game could not penetrate behind it.

And as yet there was no means of deciding which might be the true explanation of his actions.

CHAPTER VII.

"YOU BELIEVE I KILLED HIM!"

THE young inventor seemed to be thinking. Presently he looked up, with a perfectly frank and honest air.

"Really, I don't seem able to remember meeting any one who looked particularly like a burglar. Perhaps, since I've never had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with one of the breed, my conception of the type may be at fault. But Mr. Crawley, I am sure I met no man bearing away a bundle of loot."

"Well," laughed the other, "that ought to be enough. For, judging from the complaint of Mr. Bonaventure over the wire, they discovered when they came down this morning that some one had made a big sweep, and carried a fine bundle of swag off."

"But, that was not all?" suggested Jack, again allowing his glance to turn downward toward the card he was still fingering nervously.

"No. And now we are approaching a particularly delicate subject, believe me, Mr. Jenks."

"Did she tell you?"

Concern certainly marked the question; but then one may even feel anxiety without experiencing the clammy sensation of fear!

"Meaning Miss Tremaine?"

$2.25 a Month Buys a Genuine KIMBALL ORGAN

At Factory Prices

FREE Music Instructions by Our New Diagram System if you write at once.

You can now buy the famous Kimball Organs direct from the makers at factory prices. We will send them to reliable people anywhere, to be paid for on our extremely easy payment plan—**$2.25 monthly and upwards, if desired.**

Operating the largest organ factory in the world, employing the largest capital, buying raw material in the greatest quantity for cash—the Kimball System of manufacturing and distributing saves you **$20 to $50 on strictly first class organs.**

If you want an organ at all you want a good one; a mere pretty case with no music in it will not do. *Secure at once* the old reliable Kimball Organ at *Factory Prices* and pay on convenient terms, and along with it will be sent *free our new Diagram System of Self-Instruction in Music*, with which any person can at *once* play the organ and all the chords and accompaniments for singing, etc., without previous knowledge of music. *You need this book—it's FREE* with a Kimball Organ.

Send Today for Money-Saving Plan and 30 Days' Free Trial Offer

Under no circumstances can you afford to buy or consider any other organ until you have our money-saving proposition. Our half a century's manufacturing experience—our financially strong guarantee—means much to you.

The most inexperienced buyer a thousand or more miles away, can deal with us as wisely as the shrewdest trader, or as though you were here in person, for your organ will be selected by an expert. Entire satisfaction is *fully guaranteed*. You'll not only get a good organ, but we promise that your dealings with us will be pleasant. *A fine piano stool free* with your Kimball Organ. (2)

Write TODAY for our new 1915 Free Catalog.

W. W. Kimball Co., 5068 Kimball Hall, Chicago

DISHES FREE

FOR EASY SPARE MOMENTS WORK

Never will you find a more liberal [illegible] This 31 piece dinner [illegible] are simply wild [illegible] perfect—pure white [illegible] ire set finished in [illegible] d design—all the rage in [illegible] Now is the time to get it. You need no [illegible] Merely give away—**free**—12 beautiful art pictures—one with each box of our famous Alton Mentho-Salve which you sell at 25c a box. Then send us the $3.00 collected and dishes will be sent immediately. That's all. **Don't send a penny.** We ship pictures and salve at once to start you—**free** and prepaid. Send your name and address on a postal—today.

ALTON MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 501 CHICAGO

Sunshine Lamp 300 Candle Power FREE

To Try in Your Own Home

Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. A miniature portable lighting plant for every purpose. Makes its own light from common gasoline. ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

COSTS ONE CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of OUR SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. AGENTS WANTED.

SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
623 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

TRAPPERS WE BUY FOR CASH

And pay highest prices for **Coon, Mink, Skunk, Possum, Muskrat,** and all other **Furs, Hides** and **Ginseng.** Best facilities in America. Send for Free Price List and Shipping Tags. No commission charged.

ROGERS FUR COMPANY,
Dept. 112 St. Louis, Mo.

STOMACH TROUBLE GOES QUICK

Throw away those health-wrecking "cures." If you suffer from INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEYS, CONSTIPATION or other stomach trouble, write quick for positive proof how Health Redeemer rapidly banishes suffering. Nothing like it. Results guaranteed or no pay. Write today, suffer no more.

George Pharmacal Co., Dept. 2 St. Louis

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED

BIG GAME & FUN PACKAGE---10C

63 SPLENDID GAMES, Checkers and Chess with Men, Dominoes, Fox & Geese, 9 Men Morris, Authors—48 cards, 22 Songs 19 Fun Cards, 48 Magic Tricks, 70 Great Puzzles 324 Jolly Jokes & Riddles 58 Money Making Secrets, 12 Love Letters: 175 Ways to Flirt, How to Charm Others, to Tell Fortunes and 500 other things to entertain the entire family all winter. This 50c Package sent for 10 cents, **STAR NOVELTY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

NERVOUS DEBILITY?

RHEUMATISM? NEURALGIA? Write Middleton Company, New Orleans, La. 20 day-trial ONE DOLLAR. Not cured Dollar back. No medicine. Reference, Metropolitan Bank. Send stamp for OVERWHELMING PROOF.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Smoke of Herbs For Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple but scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

THIS FINE BLACK GENUINE BROADTAIL CARACAL PLUSH LADIES' COAT $6.95

54 in. long, 34 to 46 in. Bust Measure

Extra Sizes $7.65	Misses' Coats $6.40	Juniors $5.95
54 inches long. 48 to 52 inches bust measure.	50 inches long. 32 to 38 inches bust measure.	Ages—15, 17, 19 yrs. Bust—33, 35, 37 in. Length—45, 47, 49 in.

This swell, handsome garment is made of a very rich brilliant black heavy broadtail fur-like Caracal plush with the beautiful moire markings of that most expensive fur. *Looks like a $100.00 genuine broadtail fur coat. Takes close inspection to tell them apart.* It is the latest Paris design for Winter 1913. A strikingly handsome, finely tailored garment made in the charming new straight back, stylish boxy effect with large handsome deep shawl collar, latest turn back cuffs, elegant large art buttons, full lined with beautiful satin mercerized sateen.

Send $1.00

Deposit Give size wanted, state if ladies', misses, junior, girls or childs, is desired and we will send you this elegant, extra quality, black Caracal Plush Coat, C.O.D., by express, subject to examination. Pay balance and express charges to agent after you find the coat perfectly satisfactory, as swell and handsome a coat as you ever saw at three times the money, and equal in appearance to the $100.00 genuine broadtail fur coats; otherwise refuse to take it, and it will be returned at our expense and we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the coat today or write for our big

FREE Special Fashion Book

Which shows over 1,000 elegant pictures (many in colors) of our beautiful fall and winter garments at wonder prices. Women's and Misses' Coats, $3.40 up, Suits $4.95 up, Dresses $14.0 up, Skirts $1.95 up, Petticoats 39c up, Waists 85c up. Our immense assortment of dainty muslin and knitted underwear, children's and infant's garments at wonder low prices. We are headquarters for Ladies', Misses' and Childrens **FURS OF ALL KINDS** at below wholesale prices; full line in our special fashion book. We also supply coats made of this beautiful black broadtail plush for juniors, girls and children at the following low prices:

Girls $3.90	Girls $4.25	Childrens $2.20
Ages—7 8, 9 years Length—29 31 33 in	Ages—10, 12, 14 yrs Length—36 39 42 in	Ages—2 to 6 years Lengths—22 to 26 in

Juniors are made with shawl collar same as picture with 2 buttons. Girls and Children's coats are double breasted and have large, warm storm collars. We'll send any of them on same liberal C.O.D. terms given on Ladies' and Misses' Coats. Give size wanted. *Order now*

JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

FREE 4 Rings & Bracelet

Sell 12 articles at 10c, send us the money and we will give you 4 rings and bracelet. We trust.

GEM JEWELRY CO. DEP. 21, PROVIDENCE, R.I.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. a Good Magazine for ROBERTS & CO., 3247 WOOD ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Yes, you know there could be no other in my thoughts."

"She was very much worried about you. And I am looked on as a good friend of the family. Perhaps it was an inspiration that came to her, when we accidentally met up there in front of Wanamaker's."

"Accidentally, you say? Then she did not call upon you to ask advice?"

"Not at all. The dear girl is distressed. She wanted the advice of a friend, and of a man who would be able to understand. And so, when I dawned upon her vision then and there, it seemed to her as though her prayer were answered. She believed me to be able, and also discreet."

"But, what am I to think of her wanting to find out about my movements?"

"Go slowly, Jack. That girl adores you. She suffers because she fears that you are killing yourself trying to attempt too much. Not for worlds, she said to me, would she attempt to have any one spy on you. She has implicit faith in your honor, much more so than any poor weak man ever could deserve, I am sure, for, after all, we are all of us human, you know."

Yes, Jack winced, as though this touched him in an unguarded spot in his armor.

"She is an angel, and it is the most unfortunate event in my life that I have become mixed up in a matter that I dare not confide to her."

He seemed to be saying this more to himself than to his visitor; but it may be set down as certain that the sharp ears of the sleuth lost not one single word.

Reading between the lines, it was possible to understand that such mysterious expressions as these would not be apt to clear away any of the fog that clouded the case. In fact, if anything, they only made the issue appear more opaque than ever.

"I told her that, as I was coming down to ask you something that might help me out in another matter, I would try and convince you that you owe it to your sweetheart to let up on this dragging business, and take a holiday."

"Was that all you meant to ask, Mr. Crawley?"

"Well, perhaps not. I was thinking that if, as she seemed to fear, something were weighing heavily on your mind, and I could be of any assistance to you, Mr. Jenks, I'd be only too glad to offer my services."

"As a friend, or as a detective, do you mean, sir?"

"As a friend of Miss Doris' family; and if necessary in my capacity of one who is accustomed to grappling with perplexing questions, and solving puzzles.

The other looked at him very hard. Then he shook his head and sighed. And by that token Crawley understood that the chances had been weighed in the young man's mind, but only to decide against any confidence.

"Well, that would be a weird arrangement, surely; to enlist a detective, of all people on earth, in this affair. Believe me, I'm duly grateful for your kind offer; and can only bless that dear girl for her solicitude, but Crawley the thing is utterly impossible, I tell you!"

"Few things are, Jack, once you come to examine them closely.

"Well, this one is absolutely so. My lips are sealed. Nothing can make me speak. I should not have gone near Doris while feeling in this way; but I wanted to tell her that my failure to show up last night was through no fault of mine."

No fault of his—that was indeed a strange remark for a man to make, suspected of such a terrible thing as murder; or at least with a taint upon his garments, because of the several significant circumstances that persisted in pointing his way.

"But you have as much as admitted that it has not been overstudy and work this time that kept you awake all last night?"

Jack looked at him defiantly.

"Well, it was not. I admit that much, since you happen to know I was abroad, and not in my den."

"Did you go straight home at that time, may I ask?"

"I surely did, sir. In fifteen minutes I was in my bedroom, and in half an hour between the sheets."

"But not to sleep?"

"Not a wink did I get the balance of the night, and that was what brought on this confounded headache, I suppose."

"Oh! Then you did not suffer at the time you retired?"

"I don't remember of feeling the dull pain that my form of brain-weary headache takes."

"I understand. Possibly for four hours you lay there and tossed, all the while your brain seeming to be on fire. Possibly you thought of a thousand things during that time?"

"Say ten thousand, rather," sighed Jack.

"Without finding any relief, or any way out?"

"Mr. Crawley, now you are trying to get me to tell you what I said I must positively decline to talk of. It is not my secret, sir, and in honor I am bound to keep my sacred word to the utmost."

He might be telling the actual truth; in fact, the acute detective had every reason in the world for believing that this was so. Nevertheless, while there remained a single trace of suspicion in the significant actions and manner of John Jenks, he could not entirely eliminate him from the list of suspects.

Indeed, since Van Winkle seemed to be out of it, without a doubt, and the chances were decidedly against the burglar having done the deed, since he would never have had the nerve to crack a crib immediately after having committed an atrocious murder, who else could the finger of suspicion alight upon?

Crawley depended to a great extent upon his own intelligence to decide whether a man were guilty or not. If he could spring a thunderbolt at young Mr. Jenks, and watch the expression on his face when thus off his guard, he felt positive he could once and for all time settle that vexatious question in his own mind.

He had often set such a trap for unwary feet. It served better than the third degree tactics practiced by the police. And now he determined to try it out on this lover of Doris Tremaine.

If through some cause Jenks utterly refused to tell what had kept him out until three o'clock the previous night, at least he ought to know how this circumstance threatened to bring him into conflict with the iron hand of the law.

"Well, I suppose then, I must respect your motives, since you believe them honorable. But it might interest you to know what a strange thing happened to me not five minutes after I spoke to you."

"You mean last night?" asked Jack, showing apparently very little interest, since the circumstance could hardly have any connection with his affairs.

"Yes. Turning a corner on the street just back of Bonaventure's house, which you will remember was robbed some time between twelve and dawn, I came upon two policemen bending over some object lying on the pavement."

At this the other started, and began to look deeply interested."

"It was a man, and he had, so far as indications would seem to prove, been foully murdered!"

"What?"

"His head had been smashed in by a brick, which lay close to the body. He was already dead, but the body being warm, we knew that the tragedy must have happened only a brief time before."

Now John Jenks began to grow nervous, for his hand quivered as he clutched the other's arm.

"You are saying this with a meaning, Mr. Crawley. Did you recognize this murdered man?" he asked, huskily.

"I did, immediately."

"And do I know him?"

"Every person in your set did, for he was, I understand, quite a popular individual."

"Tell me—who was it, sir?"

"Can you not guess, my friend?"

"I refuse to try. Why should I give voice to my suspicions?"

"Then I will tell you. The unfortunate man was Allan Thorndyke!"

"My God! I see now why you have dropped in to ask questions. You believe that I killed him!"

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

The Place of Honor.

On one occasion, when a public reception was given to Mr. Gladstone, a particularly obsequious old gentleman was introduced to him, and forthwith commenced flattering him to such an extent that the late premier grew weary of him, so, bidding the man good day, he settled down heavily into the nearest chair. The bore, instead of passing on, lingered near and seemed to have something in his mind, though he looked blissful. Mr. Gladstone observed this, and said, not sweetly, "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?"

"Oh—oh, no," said the man, smirking; "only perhaps I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with W. E. Gladstone."

Misunderstood.

"This one may seem a little out of date," said a salesman in the fur department of a big store, "but it actually happened to me one day in the past winter. A woman walked up to the counter and said:

"'I'm looking for a muff.'

"'Yes madam,' said I; 'what fur, please.'

"And she snapped back:

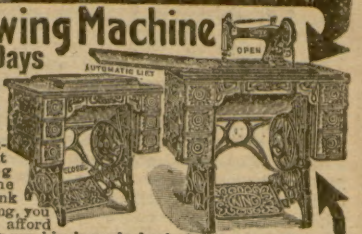
"'Well, to keep my hands warm, if it's any of your business.'"

Interested.

The Black Hand society wrote a man a letter demanding that he put $1,000 in a barrel on the corner of X and Z streets at nine o'clock on Friday night, or they would blow up the beautiful home of his wife's mother.

Instead of the money the man put a note in the barrel: "Nothing doing in the money line, but the proposition you suggest interests me."

KING Saves You $18.75 on a Sewing Machine 30 Days Free Trial



No matter what sewing machine you think of buying, you cannot afford to miss my big bargain book for it proves that I *can* save you $18.75 on a brand new machine shipped direct from factory and guaranteed for 20 years.

Cash Or On Time

Select any machine you want from World's Best Patterns and I will ship it to your home for 30 days free trial. Test it every way—then if you don't want it, return it at my expense. If you do, keep it—make your own terms to pay—cash or small payments.

FREE. Send postal for free bargain book and make me prove that I *can* save you $18.75. My statements backed by $500,000 factory—you take no risk.

W. G. KING, President
KING SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
173 Rano St., Buffalo, N. Y.

D-I-A-M-O-N-D-S!

Their Most Perfect Substitute

FREE!

On approval. Don't send us a penny for these marvelous Lachnite Gems. Produced similar to Nature's own way in that marvel of modern science—the oxy-hydrogen furnace. Will cut glass, stand filing and acid test just like a **real** diamond. Brilliant? Well, SAY! Greatest Sparklers you ever saw. No paste, tinfoil or glass. Most Perfect Gems! ***Mountings in 14 karat solid gold.***

Your Credit Is Good

Don't bother about the money. Our credit plan enables you to pay as suits you best—a little each month.

1/30 Regular Price Just think of it! 1-30 the price of diamonds and they answer every purpose. Some like them better.

Offer Limited—So Hurry!

We expect to withdraw this marvelous low price offer in 30 days, so write at once for our big Gem Book and complete information—**All Free!** No obligations—so write immediately.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 5017 Chicago

AMATEUR CORNET PLAYERS

Should Always Use Professional Cornets

There's a big tone difference—ask any Band Master. Write for our 40 per cent saving offer. **American Professional Cornets** mean to you a $50 quality Cornet for $30—other instruments similar proportion and quality.

Particularly want to hear from Band Masters and Teachers. They will learn something to their advantage.

Easy terms if desired.

LYON & HEALY, 31-33 E. Adams St., Chicago
World's Largest Music House

FREE WHOOP HER UP, BOYS! Give me a little of your time and get your choice of the best and most popular of all **Cowboy, Rough Rider, Scout, Baseball or Indian Suits**

Given absolutely FREE for selling only 24 of our beautiful Mexican Drawnwork Handkerchiefs at 10c each. Your friends will gladly buy several each. No money required. We trust you.

R. W. ELDRIDGE
34 Eldridge Bldg. ORLEANS, VT.

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, 7 jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents Free.

$3.75

20 Year Guarantee

EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it C.O.D. to your express office, after you examine it, if you think it is a bargain and equal to any $15.00 watch, pay the express agent our Special price $3.75. Mention Ladies', Men's or Boys' size.

HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 1003 CHICAGO, ILL.

MONEY IN WHEAT

$10.00 Buys Puts or Calls on 10,000 bushels of wheat. **No Further Risk.** A movement of 5c from price gives you chance to take $500.00; 4c $400.00; 3c $300.00, etc. Write for particulars.

THE CENTRAL STOCK & GRAIN CO.
1100 Park Bldg., Cleveland, O.

ECZEMA GET RID OF IT

DR. HALE'S Remedy will cost you nothing if it doesn't cure you. A simple home treatment. Gives instant relief. Write today for FREE SAMPLE and valuable book. Address

HALE CHEMIC CO., Dept. 2, MOBERLY, MO.

CROWN YOUR TEETH

with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

A Costly Meal

By George Ade

[Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.]

"GONDOLA" Wilson was not a tramp, because he knew a trade and had been known to work. He was a tramp in this, however, that he consistently refused to pay railroad fares. Hence his name. "Gondola" is submerged tenth for a flat car.

He was a journeyman of the restless kind. When he had been three weeks in Milwaukee, then St. Paul seemed a more desirable place of residence. When in St. Paul, he had tired hankering to see the Narcissus lodging house in Chicago. After he had arrived at the Narcissus, he began to watch the trains starting for Cincinnati, and longed to curl himself on a truck and jolt away to where the muddy stream fronts the sloping warehouses.

Once he was away from the Narcissus for a whole year. On the day of his return to the Narcissus (the prison pallor on his face and his head cropped to show white scars) six inmates were sitting near the windows reading a morning newspaper. They had torn the paper into sheets and divided it. The man who had drawn the small "ads" was discontented. He could find nothing on his sheet except "Help Wanted." He lowered his paper, and before him sat "Gondola" Wilson, seemingly yellow in the filtered light.

"Where's the committee?" asked "Gondola." "Where's the triumphal arch, 'Welcome Home?'"

"You're alive, then?"

"Alive and kicking."

"If you're alive, it follows that you're kicking. How long has it been?"

"A year, next month."

"You had to go crooked at last, did you?"

"Well, that's what they called it. I'm lucky they didn't hang me. Some of 'em wanted to."

"Tell me what you done. I ain't the court."

"Say, listen, an' see if you ever heard the likes before. It was in October. I'd walked from Loueyville to Terry Hut with a nigger that played the mouth-harp. We hid in the yards at Terry Hut an' got into an empty stock car that we thought was bound for Danville. Some time in the night a brakeman seen us an' fired us out. I'd been asleep, an' the first thing I remember was fallin' out o' the car an' lightin' hard, with the coon comin' after me. We didn't know where we was, but we could make out a side track and a chute for loadin' hogs. About a mile off we could see some lights, an' we judged as we was near a purty good-sized town. Me an' the coon started to walk toward town, an' then I stopped him an' ses:

"'Here, if we go to drillin' around town at this time of night an' one of them country coppers catches a peep at us, he'll shoot us first and then ask us our names after. Let's crawl in somewheres an' sleep till mornin', an' then we'll go in town an' try to round up a handout.'

"Well, just as I was sayin' this, we happened to be walkin' along past a tall fence. I looked through the cracks an' could see one or two lights quite a distance off, an' right near us was a long buildin' that looked something like a barn. It was gettin' chilly, an' I ses to this pardner of mine:

"I looked up at a fellow who had a tin star."

"Coon, gimme a boost over the fence, an' I think we can find a warm place here.'

"So we skinned over the fence an' come to the building. It was a long one. I still thought it was a barn. We walked around, lookin' for a door or window, so we could crawl in. At last this pardner of mine—his name is Jeff an' I'll kill him if ever I lay eyes on him again—Jeff found a little door that wasn't locked, an' we went in, feelin' our way along, thinkin', you know, that we might find some hay or straw to sleep on. Purty soon Jeff fell over somethin' an' I landed on top of him. We felt around us, an' discovered that we'd run into a lot of watermelons layin' on the floor. I s'pose the coon was sorry to meet them melons, huh? The first thing I knew he'd split one of 'em open an' I could hear him chompin' in the dark. Well, I got up an' felt my way along, an' purty soon I reached out, an' what do you suppose I took hold of there in the pitch dark? This ain't no dream I'm tellin' you. What do you think I took holt of? A plate with about a dozen biscuits on it. Now, I ain't no crook, an' I never broke into a house to steal anything, but I'll leave this to you. If you hadn't had anything to eat for eighteen hours, an' should happen to crawl into a barn at night an' reach out into the dark an' find a dozen light biscuits, would you eat 'em or throw 'em away?"

"I'd prob'ly eat 'em," was the reply.

"That's what I done, except what I give to Jeff. He found a match in his cloze an' struck it, and we saw in front of us a wooden shelf covered with pies and cakes an' all kinds o' cooked stuff. The match only burned for a minute, but we made out that much. Jeff found a plate of butter, an' we et the biscuit with butter an' I ain't tasted anything like it since I run away from home in Lowell thirty years ago. Then Jeff broke a cake in half an' give me part of it. It was kind of dry eatin', but we put lots of butter on it. I s'pose I ought to have stopped an' remembered that all this provender belonged to somebody, but I was so blamed hungry I didn't wait to think of nothin.' An' I must say I never seen anybody eat the way that coon did. I didn't exactly see him eat, neither, but I could hear him all right. After he et all the cakes an' pies an' biscuits he could lay his hands on, he went back to watermelon, an' I could hear him sloshin' an' gulpin' there in the dark. I started to feel around for a soft place to lay down, an' what you guess? I run into a lot of bed cloze on lines."

"Say, what sort of a pipe is this?" asked the listener, with a sidewise turn in his chair, indicating skepticism.

"It's the truth, every word of it. There must have been a dozen quilts. I pulled 'em down, an' me an' Jeff rolled ourselves up in 'em an' went to sleep. We'd et a lot an' it was a cold night, an' under them warm covers we slept like a couple of logs. Well, the next thing I remember, somebody shakin' me good an' hard, an' I looked up at a fellow that had a tin star on his coat an' a club in his hand. I kind of remembered what had happened an' looked around. It was broad daylight. We laid there in the infernalest mess of eatables you ever seen. People was pilin' through the doors to get a look at us. I don't suppose you've figured out what we'd done, so I'll tell you.

"This place we'd got into was what they called Floral Hall at the county fair. All the stuff we'd been eatin' was the exhibition of the best biscuits, the best watermelons, the best cake, the best butter, an' so on of the whole county. You know the quilt I had around me? Well, it was made of about a million little pieces of silk. The woman that made it put in fifteen years on it, and it was supposed to be worth two hundred dollars. That all came out at the trial."

"Well, there must have been a sore crowd of guys around there," suggested the lodger.

"Honest, it's a wonder they didn't kill me. We come mighty near bustin' up the whole show by eatin' them exhibitions. When they led us out of the grounds an' took us in town to the jail, there was a big crowd followed us an' hollered 'Lynch 'em,' 'String 'em up,' an' a few more pleasant remarks like that. That was one time I was in a hurry to be put in jail. Do you know what they made it when it come to trial? Burglary! An' do you know what Jeff done? He gets up an' swears that I'd hypnotized him. He testified that he didn't want to go into this buildin' at all, but I made him by threatenin' to cast a spell over him. You never heard such lyin' in your life. They sent him back to jail for three months, an' put me over the road for a year. They've bleached me just about white, ain't they? That's all right, though. Look here."

He put his hand into a raveled side pocket and brought out a copy of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." He made a deeper reach and found a brass knuckleduster with a blunt head and starting finger-holds.

"I'm savin' that for the coon," he said.

* * *

Tit for Tat.

The man of whom we were told went into a downtown restaurant, sometime ago, and ordered a substantial luncheon. He ate it growlingly, and when he had finished and received his check, marched up to the cashier's desk and slapped down a fine-looking bank note.

It was a Confederate bill, and the cashier was not slow to detect it. She pushed it back to the customer.

"This is no good," she said, scornfully.

"Neither was the lunch," answered the patron. "Keep the change, however." And he went away.

* * *

Lots of people who haven't any brains seem to get along all right.

Well Met—
A Good Appetite
And
Post Toasties

A dainty, nourishing dish for breakfast, lunch or supper—ready to serve direct from the package with cream and sugar.

"Toasties" are thin bits of choice Indian Corn—skilfully cooked and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

Wholesome
Nourishing
Easy to Serve

Sold by grocers everywhere

Wanted—Successful Farmers

In the San Joaquin Valley, California. This great valley in the heart of California yet has room for over half a million men who will farm its fertile acres in the way they should be farmed. There is no room for the failure—no place for the man who can not succeed where he is. But there is a wonderful opportunity for the man who has the success habit.

Here is a climate that will grow all the products of the temperate zone, and many of those of the tropical. You have no long cold winters. Every day can be profitably spent in out-of-door work. Here is a soil which under irrigation is of surpassing richness. Here is ample water and all conditions of pleasant living in a well-settled land.

We will tell you of the opportunities in general. We will search out for you just the kind of a location you are seeking. It might take you weeks or months and many miles of travel to find the spot that our knowledge of local conditions will direct you to at once.

After you have found the spot we will send to you a man who knows this country thoroughly, and if you wish he will tell you the methods and crop rotations which are most successful here.

All this service is free. It is part of the effort the Santa Fe is making to let people know of the advantages along its lines. The railroad has no land to sell and no interest to serve but your ultimate success here.

What the San Joaquin Valley is, and what others are doing here, is told in our two books, which are free and yours for the asking. Then if you are interested enough to ask further questions, you will find me eager to answer.

C. L. Seagraves, Genl. Colonization Agt.,
A. T. & S. F. Ry., 2259 Railway Exchange, Chicago

RUPTURE CURED FREE

By Stuart's Plapao-Pads means that you can throw away the painful truss altogether, as the Plapao-Pads are made to cure rupture and not simply to hold it; being self-adhesive and when adhering closely to the body slipping is impossible, therefore, they are also an important factor in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and conquered the most obstinate cases. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao and a most convincing mass of evidence absolutely FREE—you pay nothing for it, now, or ever. Write your name on a postal and mail TODAY. Address,

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

Plapao Laboratories, Block 378, St. Louis, Mo.

COINS Trade Dollar 1885 sold for $1140, 20 cents 1876 CC $250, $1 gold 1861 D $230, $3-1870 S $1450. Equally high premiums on thousands of *Coins, Stamps, Books, Paper money Illustrated Circular Free*
VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. B, BOSTON, MASS.

100 CARDS--10C Seashore, Suffragette, Flowers, Pretty Girls, Good Luck, Telegram, Lovers, Western Scenery, Fun, Holiday, Greeting, &c, some 6 colors gold embossed. Money back if not delighted. 100 for 10c. U. S. CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

VOICE THROWER 10c Wonderful instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. McKINLEY CO. WINONA, MINN.

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

98 CENTS POST PAID

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch postpaid for only 98 cents. Gent's size, high grade gold plate finish, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate time keeper, fully Guaranteed for 5 Years. Send 98 cents today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 1010 CHICAGO, ILL.

GREAT SPECIAL OFFER 80¢

—TO NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY—

HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY

Full Quart—Only 80 cents—Express Paid

THIS is a special introductory offer we are making to NEW customers only—and if YOU have never tried Hayner Whiskey, we want you to try it NOW. Cut out this ad—mail it with your order and 80 cents in stamps or coin—and the full quart bottle of *Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey* will be sent in sealed case—express charges paid. It's great—a *Bottled-in-Bond* whiskey of the finest kind—sealed with the U. S. Government's Green Stamp over the cork—your assurance it is fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—as good and pure as can be produced. It's *guaranteed* to please you or money back. You know we are responsible—been in business 46 years—Capital $500,000.00 fully paid. Don't put this off—*order right now*—and goods will go forward by first express.

NOTE: Orders from Ariz., Wyo., Colo., Mont., and all states West thereof must call for $1.00 for one quart—express paid. LB 16
(All future orders must be for FOUR quarts or more)

Address our nearest office

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., Dept. S-30

Dayton, Ohio · Toledo, Ohio · St. Louis, Mo. · Kansas City, Mo. · Boston, Mass. · St. Paul, Minn. · New Orleans, La. · Jacksonville, Fla.

The Wrecked Planet

Or, Ajax Binney's Omniopus

By William Wallace Cook

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 38, September 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE remained in my uncle no trace of the anger he had cherished against me. He returned my handclasp cordially.

"I wronged you unintentionally, my boy," he said, with deep feeling. "In your sleep you spoke of The Ten, and of being a messenger between those robber barons and me, and I jumped at the conclusion that you were here as a spy. I was not myself, or I should never have harbored such a thought. Jerry has explained. You merely brought me an offer of fifty thousand a year to retire from active business. Most assuredly I should not have retired, and most assuredly, too, you would have remained with me to help along my great work. You chose to come for The Ten, rather than to let them send some one else who might have acted treacherously. It was splendid of you Adolphus, and I shall not soon forget your loyalty."

"Do you know," I inquired, with some trepidation, "what has happened here?"

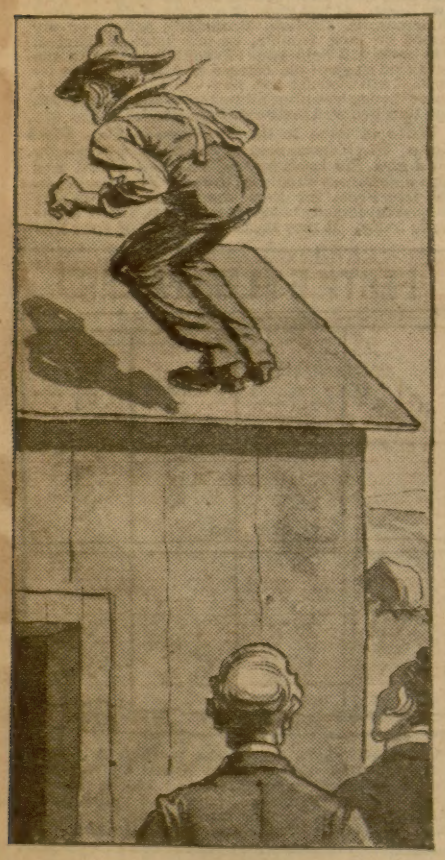
"Sure he does," spoke up Jerry. "Pue told him; and what he learned from Pue, together with that comet up there, has brought the whole bunch of 'em here."

"Pue," cried my uncle, bitterly, turning on the little man, "claims to be a protector of the people, and yet he has caused to be wasted in the skies the people's only protection against oppression. And he did this because he could not give me the benefit of the doubt; he could not trust me with the tremendous power I had discovered. In his conceit, he felt himself to be a more reliable champion of the people than myself."

Even in the semi-gloom I could see Anthony Pue cower before my uncle's words.

"But," faltered the humanitarian, "if what you say is true, Mr. Binney, the power is not exactly wasted."

"It is worse than wasted. Through your ignorance and interference, the



He sprang to the top of the cabin and down again.

whole world is threatened with calamity."

"Perhaps not so bad as that!"

My uncle whirled on me. "Adolphus," he continued, "you are just from town and you must bring news. What is being said there about this comet?"

I dwelt upon the harrowing situation in Phoenix at considerable length, and from memory, as well as I could, I repeated the bulletins which I had seen flashed upon the screen. From time to time my uncle interjected a triumphant explanation, while astounded "Ohs" and "Ahs" came from Pue. The Mexicans, already panic-stricken by the appearance of the comet, mumbled affrightedly, while Jerry shook until his teeth chattered.

"You see?" said Uncle Ajax, again addressing Pue. "The astronomers don't know what to make of the comet. One night it wasn't within range of their largest telescopes, and the next night it was poised in all its awful majesty above the world. In the afternoon preceding its appearance, you, Anthony Pue, had caused a stream of omniopus to be hurled into space. The astronomers don't know that. If they did, they would understand why the mysterious comet appeared."

"Suffering Cesar!" roared Jerry, in terrible excitement. "Is that what brought the comet, Ajax?"

"Nothing else," was the reply. "I have already told this to Pue, and he released me and brought me here to try and undo the wrong he is ignorantly causing. Whether I can avert the catastrophe that impends remains to be seen." He lifted his eyes to the comet whose nucleus was now as large as the full moon, and whose great tail swept the sky and overlapped the horizon. "It is very large, very near. When the scientists declared that the earth had a week of grace, they made a gross overestimate."

"Oh, blazes," quavered Jerry, "it can't be as bad as that! If omniopus got the world into trouble, I guess it can get it out again. Do something, Ajax! You're the one man to save the earth, and you know how to swing the Arm to make it do whatever you want."

"I am here," said my uncle, calmly, "to see what I can do, but I am not at all sanguine."

With a blubbering cry Anthony Pue threw himself on his knees before Uncle Ajax. "You must do something!" he cried brokenly; "I can't bear to have such a load on my conscience. I thought I was doing what was for the best! I didn't know! I didn't know!"

"Of course you didn't know," said my uncle, coldly, "but that doesn't help matters at all. We'll go to the power-house and look into the situation. Jerry, take care of the horse."

Jerry was in a condition of mind where he dreaded to be alone, and he prevailed upon the Mexicans to go with him to the corral. They went off, clinging to each other like brothers. Uncle Ajax, Pue, and I proceeded to the power-house.

"Is the energy entirely exhausted?" asked my uncle, after lamps had been lighted in the gunroom and we had assembled about the ungainly weapon.

"It must be," I answered. "There was less than a barrel in the reservoir on the afternoon before I started for Phoenix."

Uncle Ajax climbed a flight of steps to the raised platform. "If the energy is all gone," he observed, from his elevated station, "then there is absolutely nothing we can do. There is a situation here which baffles me, for there could be no 'pull' on the comet unless the Arm was swinging from the shoulder of this gun; and how could the Arm be connected with the gun if all the omniopus had leaked out? The dynamo is working by fits and starts—there, it purred a little just now—this would indicate that the Arm is still here, but engaged in some sort of titanic struggle. Omniopus, if freed in interstellar spaces, would be very apt to attract any roving mass in the heavens, and hence my deduction that there would have been no comet had there been no omniopus shot skyward; but the drawing of the comet earthward proves a connection between the comet and this mountain, with the Arm as a connecting link. However, I will make an examination."

Anthony Pue, white and shaking, had collapsed upon a bench. Breathlessly I watched and waited while Uncle Ajax, moving about on the platform in the unearthly glow of the comet, carried on his investigation. The fate of the world hung upon the intelligence and resourcefulness of this one man!

Jerry and the Mexicans flocked silently into the room. The Mexicans, normally desperate men, were tame as sheep. They held each other by the hand, shivered as with a chill, and their teeth rattled like castanets. Jerry came close to me, but did not speak.

"Ha!" cried Uncle Ajax, in the tone of one who had made a discovery. "The full power of the energy is on, the grasping button is thrown, and the withdrawing lever is down." He peered from the platform, his glimmering eyes on Jerry and me. "If you were trying in good faith to carry out Pue's orders," said he, "you would not have touched the grab key nor have tried to recover the omniopus. What does this mean?"

"Nothing was done," I declared, "except to point the gun skyward and turn on the energy."

Jerry seemed strangely ill at ease. He shuffled about, first on one foot and then on the other, and kept his head down.

"Then," averred my uncle, puzzled, "some one must have come in here and tampered with the gun. Jerry," he said sharply, "you know something about this."

Big Drop in Prices
on Everything Your Family Wears

No matter where you live or what your family needs in the way of clothing this fall, it will surely pay you to write a postcard or letter today for our big FREE Fall and Winter Wearing Apparel Catalogue. Just out—contains 342 pages of wonderful money-saving bargains.

Everything Delivered Prepaid

You will be surprised to see the money you can save—how much lower our prices are with ALL DELIVERY CHARGES PAID than you can get elsewhere, and please remember that we ship everything on approval, guarantee satisfaction or money refunded including return charges.

Note These Big Savings

WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES

$4.98 Prepaid

Here are just a few examples of the remarkable bargains our big free book contains. Catalogue shows thousands more. Write for it today and see the money you can save.

No. 9B-1005 A beautiful scarf and muff set of long haired Russian bear (goat) fur. Scarf is cut extra deep and wide over the shoulders and in the back giving perfect protection against cold. Each end is finished with two tails. Scarf is warmly interlined and finished with an extra lining of good quality satin. Large dressy semi-barrel muff is mounted on a thick pillow giving great warmth and comfort. Lined with fine quality satin, shirred at ends. Satin wrist cord. Furnished in either rich black or blue gray. No. 9B-1005.—Blue Gray Fur Set. No. 9B-1006.—Black Fur Set. Price Per Set PREPAID, $4.98

No. 9B-1007 A beautiful lustrous black astrachan coat of very latest model. Serviceable, warmth-giving and stylish. Has beautiful roll collar, long lapels, pretty silk braid frogs and silk covered buttons. Lined throughout with mercerized sateen and comes in black only. Length full 54 inches. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Give bust measure only. PREPAID PRICE each $4.98

No. 4B-250 Boys' remarkably handsome and becoming Russian belted overcoat, made of fine quality all-wool chinchilla. Guaranteed fast color. Has fancy plaid lining and snug, warm collar. Colors Oxford Gray or Navy Blue. Sizes 3 to 10 years. Regular value $5.50 to $6.00. No. 4B-250 Gray. No. 4B-252 Blue. Give color and size. Prepaid Price each $3.98

$4.98 Prepaid

$3.98

You can order by number direct from this advertisement, but be sure to—

Send for Our Big Free Book B-65 And Be Convinced!

You will find a similar big saving on Shoes, Underwear, Hosiery, Suits, Waists, Coats, Overcoats—in fact—everything your family wears.

Surely it is worth a penny post card or a letter to have a FREE copy of our big Fall and Winter Fashion Book in your home—so you can compare the prices we quote with what others ask and see for yourself how much you save. Remember we pay all delivery charges and guarantee entire satisfaction with every purchase or refund your money in full. Send today. Ask for Catalog No. B65

The Charles William Stores
NEW YORK

WORK THIS PUZZLE! SEND NO MONEY!!

MON WONN

$50 CASH PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED by the above Two Sketches, will receive a $50 GOLD WATCH or ....
$50 IN GOLD MONEY! as stated in the certificate of entry, and in the event of a tie between two or more persons for the prize, a prize identical in character and value with that tied for will be given to each person tied. Try it at once. It may be you. Write Answer plainly and give your Name and Address.
DOMINION WATCH CO., Dept. 13 MONTREAL, CANADA

$25 for a Name for this Pony

I will give $25.00 FREE for the best name for this beautiful prize Shetland pony. Send the best name you can think of right away, for not only do you have a good chance to win the $25 prize but

You Can Win the Pony, Too

for I am going to give him to some boy or girl who will do a little easy work for me. I have just given "Dandy," another beautiful pony, and now I am going to give away this pony. But first I want a name for him.

1500 VOTES FREE

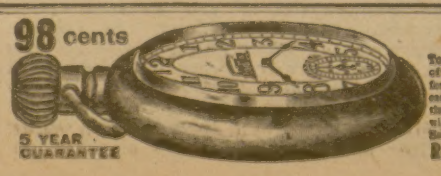
Just as soon as you send me a name for the pony I will tell you all about my great offer and I will also send you a special coupon good for 1500 free pony votes. Remember, I will give $25 for the best name for this pony, and I send you 1500 free pony votes and full particulars about the pony as soon as I hear from you. Write me today.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY A. M. PIPER

A. M. PIPER, 656 Popular Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

SANTIAGO GEMS C. O. D. By Express or Insured Parcel Post
They look and wear and none but an expert can tell them from **GENUINE DIAMONDS**
They are not imitations of diamonds but a genuine stone, cut and faceted by skilled diamond cutters exactly like a diamond, stand filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond. Contains no glass, paste or foil backing. It sparkles just like a diamond and on account of their great hardness will retain their brilliancy forever. To advertise these Santiago Gems we will for a short time send your choice of the above Solid Gold rings C.O.D. $5.00 for the Ladies with ¼ carat or $10.00 for the Gents with 1½ carat Santiago Gems by mail or express. Give it any test you desire and if you find it is not all we claim return it at our expense. Send your exact size and order at once as this Special Offer is for a short time only. Diamond Jewelry Co., Dept. 17, 189 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

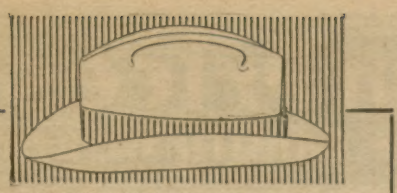
98 cents



5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Watch

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant Railroad watch by mail postpaid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address
R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.



$1 PREPAID "THE CRANE!" Looks and Feels Like a $3 Hat

Soft and flexible. Of fine fur felt; silk band; leather sweatband. Dark Gray; Light Gray; Dark Brown; Tan; Black. Simply state size and color and enclose $1. Money back if you don't like it. Write for 1913 Fall Style Book—FREE.

FRENCH CO., 295 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Get This Elegant Suit and Make $10 Per Day

Valuable Prizes Given Away

Make big money—quick—easy. *Wear the swellest suit in your town.* Made to your exact measure. Any cloth and style. Needn't cost you a cent. Be our agent and make $10 a day showing your suit, taking orders for elegant made-to-measure suits.... $7.50 and Up

BE YOUR OWN BOSS—

Your time is your own—plenty of money—stylish clothes. Your profits are so big—confidential terms so liberal we can explain them only in a letter.

Big Pay for Easy Work

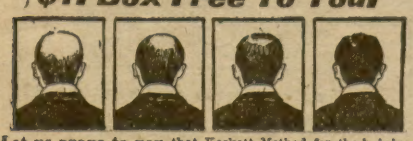
No money or experience required. We want your spare time—not your money. We back you with our capital—teach you everything—start you on the road to wealth.

Big Outfit Free—get the exclusive agency in your town. Write quick. Get the whole proposition, fine outfit—everything FREE. Write today—now.

Chicago Woolen Mills Co. 838 Jackson St. CHICAGO, ILL.

WANT HAIR GROWTH?

$1. Box Free To You.



Let us prove to you that Koskott Method for the hair is a genuine, scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the Koskott Triplex Treatment FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause of baldness, dandruff, falling hair and grayness, and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. Ours is the Method that is purposed to MAKE GOOD, and clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this adv. if you have wasted time and money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplished nothing. Read our GUARANTEE. We want to surprise and delight you. Send only 10 cents, silver or stamps, to help cover adv. cost and we will mail a $1.00 Box absolutely free, with interesting book, postpaid, plain wrapper. Address: KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, A 356. New York, N. Y.

EITHER SEX $1. BOX FREE

MEN WANTED IN AUTO BUSINESS

Big demand for trained men. Earn from $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Learn all about automobiles in six weeks by

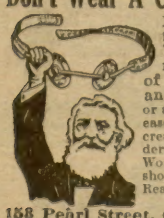
THE "SWEENEY SYSTEM"

of practical experience. In our machine shop, garage and on the road you learn by actual experience, how to repair, drive, demonstrate and sell automobiles, trucks, tractors, etc.

FREE—Write today for catalog and certificate, entitling you to free $50 course in running traction engines—We own three tractors. Only auto school in the world teaching tractioneering. Send name today for free course and catalog.

SWEENEY AUTO SCHOOL, 1188 E. 15th Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Don't Wear A Common Truss Or Appliance



Dr. Appley's Wonderful invention for the cure of all forms of rupture. The only truss in the world to receive the universal endorsement of the medical profession. Movable and adjustable pads, can be placed in or at any position to hold the rupture with ease and comfort. You can decrease or increase the holding pressure yourself. No understraps, springs or other annoying features. Worn with the same ease as an old pair of shoes. Sold under an ironclad guarantee. Reasonable price. Sent on trial. Booklet free.

APPLEY TRUSS CO. 158 Pearl Street, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

A PERFECT LIGHT

Ninety-five per cent of fuel required is ordinary air, costing nothing. Beautiful white light of 400 candle power. Our 18 years experience is your guarantee that this lamp is perfect. Write for circulars and prices. *Agents Wanted.*

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO. 320 Clark St., ALBERT LEA, MINN.

Stem Wind & Set

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

For selling thimbles and needles. We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-Year guarantee, Sparkling Set or Plain Ring, all for selling 20 Silver-Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each. Paper of Gold-Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. Easy to sell. Write for them. When sold return the $2 and we will send the watch and ring. Ladies' or Gents' style Chain.

HOME SUPPLY CO— Dept. 225 Chicago, Ill.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys

Established 16 Years

928 F Street, Washington, D. C.

TRAPS AND GUNS AT FACTORY COST

We pay highest prices for Furs and sell you Guns, Traps, Supplies, etc., AT FACTORY COST. Write for FREE CATALOG, TRAPPERS' GUIDE, and Fur Price List. E. W. BIGGS & CO., 142 Biggs Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

"I couldn't bear to see all that energy wasted," admitted Jerry, nervously, "and I can't begin to tell you how I felt, Ajax, when no more'n a barrel was left in the reservoir."

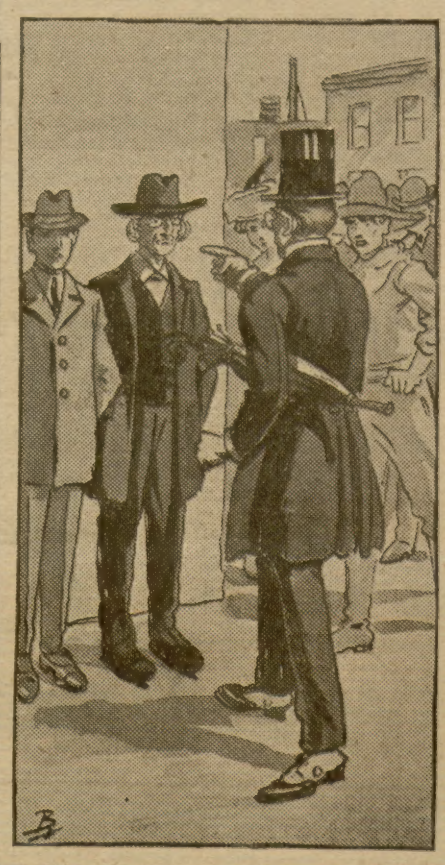
He paused, swallowing hard and moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

"Go on," admonished my uncle.

"I hope you won't get mad, Ajax," faltered Jerry, "but I told 'Dolphus I was going out to take care of the horses. I did take care of 'em, but after that I sneaked into the power-house and opened the vacuum chamber, allowin' to coax back the energy and keep it to myself. I was excited, and I must have hit the grab button by mistake. All the while 'Dolphus was in Phoenix, I watched the power-house and the reservoir like a hawk. I knew the Arm was pulling at something, and having a mighty tough tussle. Now and then energy would run back into the well in a stream, and then it would stop and the dynamo would get busy; then the dynamo would stop and the omniopus would come into the overhang. Say, Ajax, I hadn't the least idea what was going on. I was plumb skeered, and that's a fact. Away up there in the sky the Arm was dragging at something that was almost too much for it. But the Arm is making good, Ajax; the reservoir is a quarter full."

My uncle, a most peculiar man, sat down on the edge of the platform and laughed. We took no part in his merriment, however.

"This is no time for levity," croaked Anthony Pue. "Just think what all this means!" Then he added, dubiously: "Just what does it mean, Mr. Binney? I refer, of course, to what your man has done."



"There stand the monsters!"

"Your conceit and ignorance, Pue," replied my uncle, "aided innocently by my assistant, have brought about a celestial crime. You invoked the comet by having omniopus fired into the heavens, and Jerry, in his desire to recover the energy, caught the end of the invisible ray before it had slipped from the reservoir. The Arm has been fighting to get back, but it had seized on the comet and it could only get back by bringing the comet along. I can save the earth, Anthony Pue, by disengaging the hand that has seized the comet, but——"

Pue, electrified, leaped up from the bench. "Then, do it!" he shouted; "don't lose an instant. Take this weight off my conscience, now, without loss of a moment!"

"There is a condition," said my uncle, resolutely.

"What condition?"

"Why, if I do this, and allow the earth and the comet to go their several ways through space without a collision, you are no longer to try to backcap me; you are to give me a free hand to proceed with my discovery as I see fit. You may remain here, if you wish, as an adviser. You, no doubt, could offer suggestions of value. Do you agree?"

"Agree? Good heavens, man, I'd agree to anything. Proceed, sir, proceed!"

Uncle Ajax got up, pressed the button by which the invisible fingers clutched the comet, and then blithely descended from the platform.

"The energy is now being withdrawn," he announced, in the greatest good humor. "As it overflows the vacuum chamber, the water takes it and returns it to the reservoir. Jerry," and he turned to his assistant, "better open the tap from the spring, for there'll be need of a lot more water than there is in the tank in the dynamo-room."

"On the jump, Ajax!" responded the joyful Jerry.

It was a great relief for us all. Pue was like a different man, and he wrung my uncle's hand heartily and wept from sheer happiness. The Mexicans fell apart from each other, and began chattering among themselves and rolling cigarettes. At my uncle's suggestion, we all went up to the overhang and took a look at the reservoir. A stream of omniopus was pouring into the pit through the pipe from the power-house.

"Ajax Binney," remarked Pue, solemnly, "you are the greatest genius this world has ever known—or ever will know! You fill me with awe and wonder, sir, and I give you my hand in token of amity and peace."

"You are a remarkable man yourself, Pue," said Uncle Ajax, modestly. "Of course, I know there's no other man like me on the globe, but that is largely an accident. Adolphus, here," and he dropped a fond hand on my shoulder, "runs me a close second. He's a comer, mark what I say. Now, as soon as this excitement about the comet dies out of the world, we'll get busy with those hostile fleets and armies. Following that, we'll take care of The Ten."

On our return to the cabin we halted to look up at the comet.

"It's still there, Ajax," observed Jerry, with a touch of apprehension.

"Certainly," laughed my uncle, "but it is in full retreat. I presume it will be several days before it is finally out of sight, and several days more before the telescopes fail to keep track of it. But it's going, it's going. Good-by to you," and he waved his hand boyishly at the heavenly tramp.

"So long," cried Jerry, and kissed his fingers.

The Mexicans blew their cigarette smoke after it, and Anthony Pue doffed his ancient silk tile. We were all very happy, and talked and laughed like boon companions. Jerry prepared a late supper in celebration of the earth's escape from deadly peril, and we all made merry long into the night.

When we turned in—our visitors were to remain with us and beds were improvised for them—the comet was well down toward the horizon, and a faint splash of water from the overhang assured us that the omniopus was rapidly returning from across millions of leagues of space.

I enjoyed the first sound and refreshing slumber I had had for many nights. It was possible, now, for me to meet Euphemia in New York.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are people in this world—any number of them—who make it a point to disagree with everybody else on every question. Not many months after the earth's experience with the comet, some of these disagreeable persons rushed into print with the statement that omniopus had about as much to do with attracting that comet as the Sultan of Turkey. Of course they didn't know what they were talking about, and I presume they will pooh-pooh this chronicle which places the matter, for the first time, squarely up to them. How they account for the other things that omniopus did, for the eternal welfare of this good little planet, I do not know and do not greatly care. What I resent is their slurs on the ability of that celebrated man, my uncle.

On the morning after Uncle Ajax had side-tracked the planet, our joy over the narrow escape had somewhat worn itself out. Jerry realized that the three Mexicans were hirelings of doubtful character, and held aloof and showed his dislike in a way that caused them to scowl and finger their long knives. Nor did Uncle Ajax and Anthony Pue seem quite so companionable as on the night before. The Mexicans were sent outside to eat their breakfast, but Pue was allowed to remain and sit at table with the rest of us.

"I hope, Mr. Binney," said Pue, "that you will be exceedingly careful in the way you use that stored-up energy."

Uncle Ajax frowned. "Beginning to have suspicions of my good faith already, eh?" he inquired.

"Not exactly suspicions, sir, but it hardly seems right that such tremendous power should be at the beck and call of one man."

"You are to advise with me. Have you forgotten that?"

"Certainly not. Will you seek my advice on all occasions, and follow it?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Pue, if it tallies with my own way of thinking."

Mr. Pue glared through his spectacles. "In that event," he observed, with asperity, "I'm about as much use here as the fifth wheel to a wagon."

"Just about," agreed my uncle.

Jerry hid his wide and pleasant smile behind his hand. Pue dropped knife and fork, straightened up in his chair, and puffed out his chest like an angry robin. Uncle Ajax called for a second cup of coffee and another helping of fried potatoes. Mr. Pue leaned over and shook his finger in my uncle's face.

"You've deceived me!" he said between his teeth.

"What did you do to me?" was the response. "First, you sent one of your mercenaries to knife me, and when he failed to do that you sent him back to steal a bucket of omniopus. As soon as you got your supply of omniopus, you energized your Greasers and had them

Elgin 17 Jewel

Only $9.75

Only $9.75 for a genuine 17-Jewel Elgin! Set in a 20 year gold filled case. Sold to you on a great watch offer. Write for our new catalog and Special Bulletin, showing not only this opportunity but hundreds of other big jewelry chances.

Easy Payments

Only $1.00 per month and you can become the owner of a genuine Elgin 17-jewel watch—$1.00 down and $1.00 a month—total price $9.75. Set in a 20 year gold filled case.

DIAMONDS

Pure color flashing diamonds now offered along with our other jewelry opportunities. Here is a resplendent, solitaire, genuine diamond ring; selected, glittering, pure colored diamond, in 14 karat gold ring. Sold to you on the easiest terms.

Free Trial We give you a positive 30-Day Free Trial on any article bought from us. 30 entire days to make up your mind if you wish to keep it. And if you are not satisfied return to us and we will return every cent cheerfully.

No. A104. 14 karat solid gold ring, set with Men's round Belcher style perfectly cut diamond. $5.25 down, $2.50 per month. Price **$34.50**

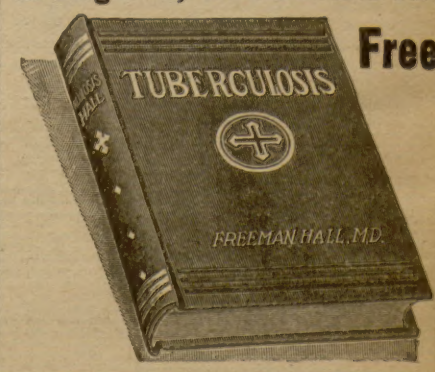
Big Jewelry Book FREE!

Send today for our big jewelry catalog and special 30-Day Bulletin. These show the most remarkable offers all sold on terms of $1.00 a month and up.

Straus & Schram, Inc., Dept. 777 35th St., Chicago

Tuberculosis

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure Free



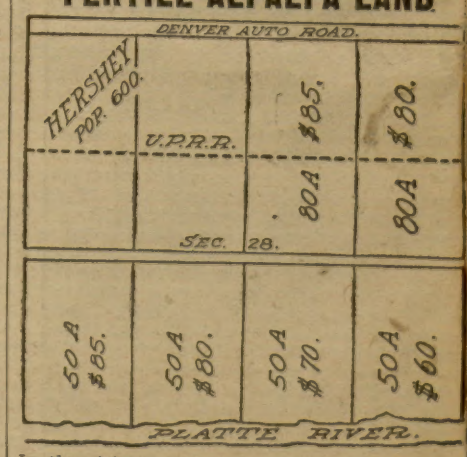
NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Co., 6094 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE, and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

FERTILE ALFALFA LAND



In the richest valley in the world. Adjoining Hershey, 300 miles from Omaha, Neb.; in tracts of 50 acres or more, at $60 to $85 per acre. Terms, half cash, balance 5 years. Write me and receive further information.

D. C. Patterson, Patterson Blk., Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS Sell Shoes

A brand new proposition. Big profit on every sale. Sell every day in the year. Any man or woman can take orders. Guaranteed. Every pair must give satisfaction or new pair free. Build up a big business. You take no risk. We guarantee the fit. Write today for terms and sample out-fit, including device for taking measure.

Rubber Heels. Flexible Soles.

THOMAS SHOE CO., 1717 Home St., Dayton, Ohio.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your song poems or melodies. THEY MAY BECOME BIG HITS AND BRING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Experience unnecessary. Available work accepted for publication. Write for free instructive booklet. MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 38, Washington, D. C.

REAL HAIR GROWER

Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery, "Crystolis," Grows Hair in 30 Days.

$1000.00 Reward If We Fail; Read Our Guarantee. Try It At Our Risk —Mail Coupon Today.

Beautiful Hair and Lots of It, If You Use Crystolis.

In Europe "Crystolis," the New English Hair Grower has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century.

The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded Gold Medals to this marvelous hair grower.

Already since we secured the American rights hundreds of men and women have written telling of the phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful new treatment.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. $1000 has been deposited in our local bank as a Special Fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Creslo Laboratories, 100 Y. Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories, 100 Y. Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of Boyce's Weeklies. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores premature gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

Be Well Dressed We Trust You

Send your name and address for our big new 1913-1914 **Fall and Winter Style Book.** It's absolutely **FREE FOR THE ASKING,** and contains all the newest fashions and free samples for this season's wear.

WRITE TODAY

Our Prices Lower Than Cash Tailors

We guarantee you'll save big money, for our prices are **absolutely lower** than those asked by cash tailors; and we'll give you all the credit you want. We help you dress like the best.

Made To Order to Your Own Measure

Our garments are all made-to-order, made **for you, yourself,** from the measurements you send us. They're not "Ready-Mades" **altered** to meet your requirements. **Comparison proves** the superiority of our woolens and tailoring.

We Have No Agents, Collectors or Canvassers

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL

You run no risk whatever. You're sure to be pleased in every way. We guarantee to fit you perfectly and thoroughly satisfy you or you get your money back.

Six Months to Pay

No matter where you live, we trust you. Your simple promise to pay us in six months' is sufficient. Our confidential charge account Credit Plan is one of the most modern conveniences of the day.

GET OUR BIG NEW STYLE BOOK

Now don't delay—write for our big encyclopedia of Fall Fashions TODAY — **get your postal right off in the mail**—we will send the book postpaid as soon as we receive your name and address. Write to

STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY
536-538 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
World's Foremost Credit Tailors for Men

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Write particulars for Harris Treatment, Suite 89 No. 358W. 63th St. New York

come over here and run off with me." Uncle Ajax leveled his knife at the humanitarian. "Pue, many a man has been sent to the penitentiary for doing what you have done. Don't overlook that. Last night, when you thought the world was going up in smoke, you were most agreeable; now, when you're sure you've saved your precious neck, you show a side of your character that I don't like."

Mr. Pue doubled up his fist and brought it down on the table with a force that unsettled several dishes and tipped a rasher of bacon into his lap.

"I have three men outside that door," he cried, in a voice that shook with passion, "and I have but to call and they'll come in here and carry you back to the place where I've been keeping you."

"Call 'em," requested Jerry, slapping his biceps. "I've got a bone to pick with them Greasers, and I won't be real happy till I've done it."

I was about to essay the role of peacemaker, but Pue did not favor me with the opportunity. Before I could say a word, he jumped up from the table and ran through the door.

"Pable! Manuel! Tadeo!" he shouted.

Through a window I could see the three hirelings running at speed toward their employer. Jerry hurried to his bunk and pulled a revolver out from under the blankets.

"No shooting, Jerry!" my uncle sternly commanded. "We can take care of Pue and his gang without recourse to firearms. Come, Adolphus! Let's use our fists. Drop the gun, Jerry, and fall back on the weapons nature gave you."

We rushed out of the cabin. Pue, trailed by his desperadoes, was running in the direction of the power-house.

"He's going to smash the gun!" exclaimed Jerry.

Uncle Ajax smothered a groan. "Overhaul them, overhaul them!" he implored.

They had too good a start of us, however, to be overhauled. We could see that before we had gone very far in our pursuit. Once they had gained the power-house and locked themselves inside, the destruction would be pretty complete before we could get at them.

This man Pue was insignificant enough, and yet he had a way of making himself exceedingly troublesome. If he succeeded in damaging the power-house, very likely the whole extent of our country's coast line would be harried by the Germans and the Japanese before Uncle Ajax could get the plant in shape to beat them off.

But Pue and his Mexicans were not destined to reach the power-house. While they were yet a good way from it, and while we were yet a good way from them, something happened.

Now, I cannot describe just how this "something" happened, for the very good reason that my wits were working for only a fraction of the period in which the event held the stage. And, as with my own faculties, so with the faculties of all the rest of us there on Ajax mountain.

It was just about nine o'clock in the morning, and a very calm and peaceful morning—weather considered—it had been, up to that hour. But from stillness and brooding quiet the elements flung themselves in a twinkling into frightful clamor. The wind stirred suddenly and shrieked through the bare mountains, a glare of ghastly light dazzled our eyes, the earth heaved under our feet and moaned thunderously as though in pain, and I crumpled to my knees with a hapless cry. Reason failed, snuffed out like a candle in what seemed to be the end of all things——

Once more my eyes flickered open and consciousness picked up the broken chain of events where it had been dropped. The convulsion of nature had passed. The sky was serene, the sun was bright, the mountain remained as when I had last seen it. I was lying on my back in the sand, my eyes commanding a view of the crest of the uplift. It was difficult for me to breathe, for the air had apparently become exceedingly rarefied.

I sat up. There was the cabin, there the power-house, and the path still ran down to the trail and the trail down the mountain. Jerry, sprawled out on his face, was lying beside me. Farther on were the three Mexicans, piled across each other.

My Uncle Ajax was sitting up, and so was Anthony Pue. Pue's spectacles were awry and his silk hat, although badly crushed, remained on his head. He was shaking a forefinger at my uncle accusingly.

"You lied to me!" he cried.

His voice at best was none too strong, but now it was thin and feeble.

"How did I lie to you?" asked my uncle, his tones as shrill and unusual as were Pue's.

"You said you'd save us from the comet, and you didn't," went on the humanitarian. "We've been hit."

Uncle Ajax laughed boisterously, the echoes of his merriment rattling away among the mountains.

"Why, Pue," he answered, "if we'd been hit by that comet we'd not be here to talk about it. There's been an earthquake somewhere, that's all."

"No, sir, no, sir," insisted Pue excitedly, "the comet got us! I think you wanted it to get us. Either that, or you've made an error of some sort."

"I have made no error."

"Somebody's made an error, somebody's blundered.

"Then it's you, claiming that convulsion was due to the comet when it was only an ordinary earthquake. You——"

My uncle ceased speaking abruptly. The Mexicans had revived. Terrified by the experience they had gone through they started to run, fleeing they knew not where from they knew not what. And such running, and such leaping! Each stride was ten feet, and they passed from view by leaping a ridge that was full twenty-five feet high! In follow-my-leader fashion, all three went flying over that ridge and never touched the top of it.

"The scoundrels!" shouted my uncle. "They've been at the omniopus again. You and your men, Pue, have wasted enough of that energy. I won't have it! We're going to need every erg if we clean up on those hostile navies."

"They haven't been near your omniopus," declared the humanitarian, rising and starting after his hirelings.

His own strides matched theirs, and while he was in nowise athletic, yet he cleared the ridge with a good yard to spare.

"He's not telling the truth, Adolphus," observed my uncle, looking around at me. "They've all been at the omniopus."

"I guess you're wrong about that, Ajax," spoke up Jerry.

We both gave our attention to him. He had revived and was standing erect. Then, while our eyes were on him, he leaped into the air fully twenty feet. He alighted with no injury to himself whatever. He sprang to the top of the cabin and down again; in four jumps he passed from the cabin to the power-house, more than a hundred feet; and for several minutes he cut various gigantic capers, singing shrilly and gladly the while.

"I feel as gay as a kid with a penny whistle, Ajax," he remarked, giving over his didos, "and stronger'n a steam engine."

With that, he picked up the bowlder I had rolled from the cabin, and nonchalantly heaved it over the power-house and over the cliff.

"What's more," he finished, "I haven't been anywhere near the overhang, neither. Something's worked a hocus-pocus with the mountain."

A look of blank dismay crossed my uncle's face; it was succeeded almost immediately by an expression of panic and fear.

"The earthquake," he cried, "must have cracked open the walls of the pit. The energy, released, has probably rolled down upon us and vanished in a big wave over the brink of the precipice. If that is the truth, we are undone!"

He ran toward the overhand with all the agility and speed displayed by the Mexicans, Pue, and Jerry. As I followed him, side by side with Jerry, I found that I also possessed the same powers of swift locomotion; and, further, that I was thrilled with a feeling of buoyancy that was most invigorating.

We found the pool of omniopus intact. The high-water mark was not quite at the place where it had been some days before, but there was still plenty of energy left in the granite well. Uncle Ajax was profoundly puzzled. While we stood at the pool's brink, he and I, we heard a cry of alarm from Jerry, just outside the overhang. We hastened to his side and found him with an old silver watch in his hand.

"What's wrong, Jerry?" asked my uncle.

"Why, it's—it's three o'clock," returned Jerry.

Uncle Ajax and I consulted our own watches. They tallied with Jerry's.

"Three o'clock, yes," said my uncle. "What of it? We were unconscious for several hours, it appears, but we have all revived without illness or injury. Suppose it is three o'clock in the afternoon. What then?"

"Why," gasped Jerry, "it's sundown more'n four hours before the right time. Look!"

We looked. Jerry was right. The rim of the sun was only half over the horizon in the west. Uncle Ajax staggered back against the rock wall near the mouth of the overhang and pressed his hands to his head. Something was wrong with the world; in some manner the machinery of the heavens had slipped a cog. My uncle was overcome, and Jerry and I were almost in the same condition.

What had happened?

CHAPTER XIII.

NOT one of us ventured to say anything for some time. Uncle Ajax was first to speak. Lowering his hands from his haggard, bewildered face he peered at Jerry and me. "Well, well!" he exclaimed.

"It beats creation," muttered Jerry. "When we talk, we cackle; when we walk, we run; when we jump, we fly; when we look for sundown at seven o'clock, it comes at three. Wouldn't it jar your nerves?"

"It does," said my uncle; "it does even more than that, Jerry, for it comes within one of demoralizing the intellect. Possibly our watches are wrong—the earth-

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Original Siegel Cooper & Co., Chicago

FREE Big Fall and Winter Catalog Ready Now

Waists, Skirts, Millinery, Suits, Dresses, Furs, Sweaters, Coats, House Dresses, Negligees, Shoes, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Petticoats, Silks, Dress Goods, Aprons, Fancy Goods, Wash Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Linens, Jewelry, Silverware, Boys' Clothing, Men's Clothing.

153 Pages of Surprising Values in Up-to-date Dependable Stylish Wearing Apparel For Everybody

WRITE FOR IT AT ONCE

This Hood 65c Made of all wool yarn in colors to match the coat, cardinal, white, Oxford gray, golden brown or navy blue. Order by No. 6K284. Price delivered from Chicago to your home 65c

$1.79 and $2.29 Sent Parcel Post Prepaid

Latest Craze in Knitted Balkan Blouse for Misses and Ladies

6K231—Made of soft all wool yarn, knitted in a [illegible] stitch. Shirring gathered in at the waist Balkan band to give the popular blousy effect. The sleeves are finished with cuffs. Buttons match the color of the sweater. Colors are cardinal, oxford, white, navy, golden brown. Sizes, misses 10 to 14 years $1.79

Sizes ladies 32 to 44 bust measure. Price Delivered Free from Chicago to Your Home.....$2.29

WOMEN'S $3.00 BLACK VELVET BUTTON SHOES at $1.95

12K283—The Material That Wears As Well As Any Leather and is easily kept looking nice. Very stylish and dressy. New short vamp, high toe with or without tip, medium sole, military heel. Sizes 2½ to 6, C, D and EE Widths. Price, delivered free, at..... $1.95

FREE DELIVERY FROM CHICAGO TO YOUR HOME

OUR GUARANTEE—If you are not pleased (more than satisfied) with any article, return it at our expense and we will refund your money as cheerfully as we accept it.

Address Dept. K for FREE 153-page catalog

THE ORIGINAL SIEGEL COOPER & CO. The Big Store Chicago's Economy Center

CHICAGO

80 Cents STARTS YOU IN THE Minute Photo Business

THINK of it! In what other business can you start with as little capital and make so much money as you can with the

"TAKE QUICK" POST CARD AND BUTTON PHOTO CAMERA

It is a marvelous instrument that makes Post Cards several sizes, also Photo Buttons at the rate of 100 up per hour; finishes them on the spot, ready for delivery, at big prices.

MAKE $50.00 TO $75.00 EVERY WEEK

the year round at Fairs, Carnivals, Picnics, Winter and Summer Resorts, or wherever people congregate, with the "Take Quick" Post Card Camera. It is no bother whatever to operate; everything is done out of doors.

Without Plates, Films or Dark Room Simply press the bulb and in less than a minute you have a beautiful, sharp, clear photo, ready to deliver and collect your money. Travel through the South this winter. This marvelous outfit will pay your expenses and a big profit besides.

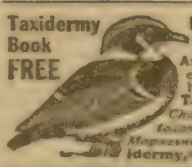
YOU MAKE 85c ON EVERY DOLLAR

No Experience Required

You can't beat it as a money-maker. Send today for full particulars, how to start in the Minute Photo Business for 80c. Don't put off writing. DO IT NOW!

INTERNATIONAL METAL & FERRO CO.,
Dept. 816, 2223 W. 12th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Taxidermy Book FREE



Learn by Mail to Mount Birds

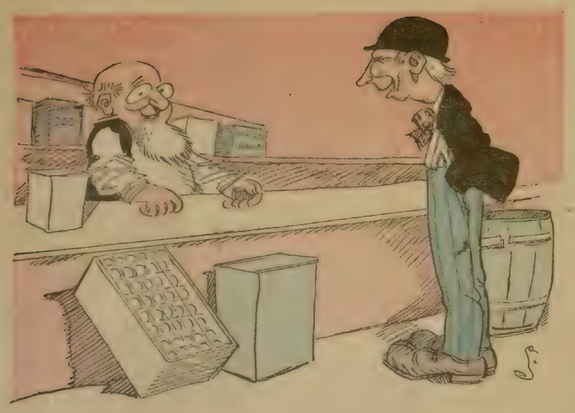
Animals, game heads, fishes, tan skins, etc. **Be a taxidermist.** Decorate home, den or office. **Big profits in Taxidermy.** Easily, quickly learned. *Charges low, success guaranteed.* Write for free [illegible] Magazine. Northwestern School of Taxidermy, [illegible] Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

FREE WATCH, RING & CHAIN [illegible] given free for selling only 20 Lord's Prayer Bangle Pins at 10c each. Write for them.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 204, East Boston, Mass.

Gall Stones Stomach Distress, Liver, Jaundice, Rheumatic Pains quickly Cured. No Tablets, Oil, or Operation. Century's Medical Triumph. 12 years success. By Mail $1. Book Free. Coletha Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Pimples and Eruptions spoil your complexion. Our Tablets will clear your skin in a short time. Send 50 cents coin or stamps. H. Vassar Chemical Co., La Crosse, Wis.



Rube Watts—"I want three dozen eggs."
Village Grocer—"To eat or throw at the 'Uncle Tom' company t'night?"

He Was Impartial.

"I ate a worm," said the little tot in the kindergarten.

The teacher, thinking that perhaps the child had really done such a thing, protested warmly over the undesirability of the proceeding. "Why, just think," she said, as a final argument, "how badly the mamma worm felt to have her little baby eaten up."

"I ate she's mamma, too," was the triumphant rejoinder that proved too much for the teacher.

Only Make Believe.

A visitor at the home of a famous author was greeted by a little daughter of the latter. Engaging the little girl in conversation, the visitor observed:

"Aren't you proud to think your papa is famous?"

The little girl nodded.

"He writes stories, doesn't he?"

Lowering her voice, the child replied: "They're not real stories; he just makes them up himself."

Not Sure.

A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower today than it was last night."

"I'm no sae very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."

More Horse Sense.

Lady—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to put such a tight checkrein on your horse."

Teamster—"Oh, he doesn't mind th' checkrein, mum, but he'd kick like a steer if I'd put corsets on 'im."

A Money-Making Business.

Angler—"Do you charge by the number of fish caught?"

Pond Owner—"No, sir; I charge by the pound, and let you do your own guessing."

Would Keep Her Company.

"James, there's a burglar downstairs. I'm going for help."

"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

Almost Epigrammatic.

This overheard conversation appeals to the weary one as nearly epigrammatic. The young people on the seat ahead of us in the homeward-bound car the other night talked it out so loud that we couldn't help hearing it and jotting down a few notes on it.

"So," said the girl, "he said he knew me when I was a little girl?"

"He didn't say anything of the sort," contradicted the man.

"You said he did."

"I didn't."

"Why! Then what did you say?"

"I said he said he knew you when he was a boy."

That put such a wet blanket on the conversation that we were able to read our sporting extra uninterrupted for the next few blocks.

With His Little Finger.

Binks—"I had a most exciting time today."

Jinks—"You don't say so?"

Binks—"Yes; I ran into the middle of Queen street, flung up both arms, and stopped a runaway cab horse."

Jinks—"Pooh! that's nothing. D'ye know what I did the other day?"

Binks—"No; what was it?"

Jinks—"Why, I stepped to the edge of the pavement, held up my little finger, and stopped a taxi."

Awaiting His Return.

"Before marriage I used to sit up until midnight wishing he would go home."

"Yes."

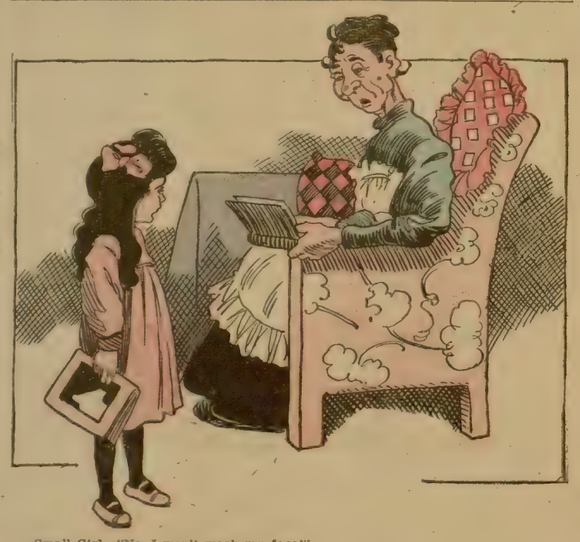
"Yes, and since we are married I sit up until midnight wishing that he would come home."

A Sure Cure for Insomnia.

Mrs. Keepup made it her private and particular business to have whatever her neighbor had, whether it was a question of chickens or diseases, so when Mrs. Gotthere complained to her one day of insomnia, Mrs. Keepup was ready for her. "I have it, too, very badly at times."

"What do you do for it, Mrs. Keepup?"

"Why, I have never found anything that did me any real good, except just to go to bed and sleep it off."



Small Girl—"No, I won't wash my face!"
Auntie—"That's naughty. When I was a girl I always washed my face."
Small Girl—"Yes, and now look at it!"

Visitor (at Chicago restaurant)—"This bill of fare is in French."

Waiter—"Yes, sah; but the price is in English, sah. Mos' folks goes by dem."

THE AMOURS OF MARIE ANNE MAGEE

WELL F TAINT ME OWN LIL MARY ANN, SAY, COME ON, WOT D'YE SAY WE GIT MAR——
WHY JIMMY.
WOT ?
OH SIS
SAY, KID WOTS DE IDEE OF DIS BUTTIN IN WHEN IM PROPOSIN TO A LADY, EH !
OOH
GOODY
TOBIAS CAN BE BEST MAN
BETCHERLIFE.
GEO HERRIMAN

"A Soft Answer," et Cetera.

Young Wife (pettishly)—"You always seemed to have plenty of money before we were married."

Loving Husband—"It was only seeming. I had very little."

Young Wife—"And you told me you expected to be rich."

Loving Husband—"I am rich, my dear. I've got you."

She subsided.

CAUSE OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

We'd all have riches without end,
We would all have coin to burn,
If money was as hard to spend
As the blame stuff is to earn.

His Success.

First Traveling Man—"I see while a man's heart is beating seventy times an elephant's is pulsating only thirty."

Second Traveling Man—"That is because the elephant doesn't have to worry about his trunk, I guess!"

The Height of Selfishness.

Briggs—"Here's a fellow who writes about the acme of selfishness without having the slightest idea what it really is."

Griggs—"Well, what is it?"

Briggs—"Having your wife, a cold-air fiend, insist upon leaving both windows in the room open, and then rolling herself up in all the bed clothing!"

Where a Proverb Fails.

"There are two sides to every question," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the umpire, who was escaping in disguise. "But you can't make the bunch on the bleachers believe it."

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a man's single his money he'll jingle;
He carelessly squanders his rocks.
He buys lovely collars and spends many dollars
On white vests and delicate socks.

When a man's married he's worried and harried;
He wants things that will not show dirt.
His wife takes his money and buys for her honey
A forty-cent mud-colored shirt.

He Had Sold Them.

A nice, clean German lad applied at a store for a job at selling clothing. The boss liked the applicant's looks, but doubted his experience.

"Have you ever sold clothing?" asked the employer.

"Ach, yes!" answered the applicant.

"Good. Where did you sell clothing?"

"Zwanzighundert Blankstrasse."

"Where? I never heard of such an address."

"I solt my clothes there."

"Why—that's a pawnshop!"

"Vell, vere you dink I sell my overcoat—at a drugstore?"

Consoling Words.

When the young husband reached home from the office he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed on his shoulder "I had baked a lovely cake and I put it out on the back porch for the frosting to dry and—and the dog ate it!"

"Well, don't cry about it, sweetheart," he consoled, patting the pretty, flushed cheek. "I know a man who will give us another dog."

Mr. Cittibred—"I suppose your Arkansas hogs are the razor-back kind?"

Uncle Henry of Arkansas—"Yes, an' the best in the country. Their backs are so sharp we have to put guards on 'em to keep 'em from cutting the apple trees."

Mrs. Binks—"There goes a man who proposed to me once. He's rich, too."

Mr. Binks—"I'll bet he wasn't rich when you refused him."

"You look happy. Has Gwendolyn accepted you?"

"Not exactly, but I'm her second choice in case her father refuses to buy her a duke."

Stoojent—"Fer the love of Mike! Can't you go any faster than this?"

Shefoor—"Why, seltenly! But, ye see, I have to stay on the car."

Love's Young Dream.

She—"As I am to be a poor man's wife, don't you think I ought to get a cook book?"

He—"Wait a little while, my pet, until we make sure that we will have anything to cook."

A Smart Salesman.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shop assistant.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman, "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kinds have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.

Makes a Difference.

Mrs. Gabb—"Mr. de Vout has lost two children within a month. One of them was treated by a Christian Scientist, and died."

Doctor Dosem (excitedly)—"Horrible! Outrageous! The parents of the poor little victim should be arrested!"

Mrs. Gabb—"The other child was treated by a regular physician, but it died, too."

Doctor Dosem (solemnly)—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

A Twenty-Pound Steak.

Boarder—"This is a twenty-pound steak, isn't it?"

Mrs. Slimdiet—"My, no! It's only a three-pound steak. Can't buy big steaks since the beef trust has squeezed us."

Boarder—"Indeed? I heard the cook at it with a hammer, and I was sure I counted twenty."

A Father in Quest of Information.

"Tommy, when can I interview your scout captain?"

"I'll make an engagement for you, dad. What do you want?"

"Want to see if there is anything in the rules to prevent your putting in a ton of coal tomorrow afternoon."

His Choice.

First Urchin—"Say, Tommy, would youse rather be a zebra or a giraffe?"

Second Urchin—"A giraffe, er course. It'd be a cinch fer lookin' over de fence at de ball game."

DANGEROUS NEW FASHIONS

Biffins—"Lord, look at that!—

"Whew! Worse and worse!—

"Goodness! These new styles take the cake!—

"A scream! Quick work to rubber at 'em all!—

"Holy limburger! What's the matter with my neck, I wonder?"

I Want You to Try My New

Hospe Cabinet Grand Upright

IN YOUR Own HOME 30 DAYS **FREE**

I Pay the Freight

Send No Money

Two to Three Years to Pay

Extraordinary Offer.

Yes, this matchless instrument in your home four weeks at absolutely no cost to you. You can use it in any way, enjoy this sweet toned instrument to the fullest extent, play on it, take lessons on it, test it in every way you want. If, at the end of 30 days, you decide it is the piano for your home, you can pay for it on the easiest, fairest payment terms ever devised—JUST $1.50 A WEEK, if you desire.

My Direct Plan Saves You $112.00

$295.00 Piano Only $183.00

And you secure not just an ordinary piano, but the famous sweet-toned Hospe, with an iron clad 25 year guarantee. You can have any of my Hospe pianos, player pianos or organs in your home, 30 days free at corresponding savings. $5.00 Music Bench, $5.00 worth of sheet music, and my Easy Method Piano Instruction Book free with every piano.

Important Piano Information Sent Free

Fill out and mail the coupon today. It will bring you absolutely free my catalogue, special price list and valuable information that every piano purchaser should have. I have been making and selling good pianos in Omaha since 1874. No matter what price or what style of instrument you want I can save you money.

Mail Coupon Today.

A. HOSPE,
Prest. A. Hospe Company
237 Hospe Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska.

DEAR SIR:—Please send me, FREE, your 1912 Catalogue, your Money Saving Plan and Full Details of your Free Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

Are You FAT?

I Was ONCE.

I Reduced MYSELF.

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, Doctored and changed climate but I ruined my digestion, felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting Stout, as no one knew it better than myself

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that. Removed the objectional features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have

SCREAMED WITH JOY

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but eat all I wanted to. I did not take Sweat Baths, I did not Drug. I used no Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Sane, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money, Save you from Harmful Drugs, Save you from Starvation Diets, Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write to-day as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.

MARIE BIEL, 1222 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

You Can Make $8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING

... McKINLEY FARM, OREGANO, ILL.

The Wrecked Planet.

(Continued from page eleven.)

quake may have bewitched them in some manner; but it would take more than a hard earth-tremor to bewitch that clock in the cabin."

We went back to the cabin and examined the chronometer. It was with our watches to the minute.

"Well," said Jerry, "if it's sundown it's time for supper. I move we have it."

"Seems to me like we only just got up from the breakfast table," I demurred.

"Watches don't lie," was Jerry's answer. "When a clock says it's time to eat, I eat."

Uncle Ajax slumped into a chair and rested his chin in his hand. He was thoughtful. So was I, but I have always been able to think to more purpose by moving around. Although I moved around considerably my speculations were bootless. I could make nothing of our odd situation.

All the food Jerry cooked for supper was underdone. Some of it was little more than raw. Jerry protested that he had put it through the usual preparation for the table.

"You'll have to cook it longer, Jerry," said my uncle. "On account of the rarefied atmosphere more heat is needed."

"One more thing to make a feller stare," commented Jerry.

Uncle Ajax went out in front to smoke a quiet pipe, after the meal, and I went with him. The moon was up, a big, fine moon, but she had a companion—another moon that was even bigger and finer.

"Merciful powers!" whispered Uncle Ajax, hoarsely, "is that another moon, Adolphus, or just a mirage?"

"Give it up," I returned. "Ever since I recovered my wits after the earthquake I've been in a sort of dream. The whole universe seems like a mirage. I'm getting so I can't believe what I see."

We watched the two moons for some time and noted the brilliant light which, in combination, they reflected upon the earth; then, with a brain that fairly ached with the crowding mysteries, I left my uncle and went to bed. It was late—fully six o'clock—when I crawled between my blankets. I thought I had no more than placed my head on the pillow when Jerry shook me.

"Get up, 'Dolphus," said he; "it's time for breakfast."

I protested that I had only just got into bed.

"You've been in bed three hours," he insisted, "and now it's nine o'clock and the sun's lookin' at us over the edge of the desert."

I sat up in the bunk and blinked. "Look here," I returned sharply, "you're making out that the night's only six hours long."

"That's all it was. Sundown at three, sunup at nine. Ajax says one round of the clock makes a new day. Whenever it's twelve it's always high noon, whenever it's six it's always midnight. Queer, eh? Well, that's how it is, and we're going to eat."

My uncle stood in the open door studying the rising sun. He turned and merely nodded in affirmation of Jerry's words.

"Something tremendous has happened, Adolphus," he remarked, a little later, while I was dressing. "As soon as we eat we will saddle up the horses and ride to Phoenix. They are probably getting news from all over the world in town, and as long as we remain here we'll not be able to find out much about it."

"Am I going, too?" asked Jerry.

"I want you to stay here," was the reply, "and see that no harm happens to the plant. Pue and his Mexicans are uncertain quantities; one never seems to know what they'll try to do. I've a vague notion"—and there came a look of dim prescience to my uncle's face—"that all our omniopus is going to be needed for great things. We'll see, we'll see."

Jerry was averse to staying alone. We were wallowing in mysteries, and there was no telling what new and horrifying discovery might be made at any moment. Jerry was again eager for companionship. However, he shut his teeth hard and took his orders.

Like ourselves, Uncle Ajax and I found the horses to have been endowed with extraordinary physical powers. They rushed us across the desert with the speed of express trains, and when we reached the trail beyond the first canal we encountered many travelers all bound for town.

"The hull universe has been tied into a double bowknot," called a man who was making easily fifteen miles an hour with a team and buckboard. "Any idee what it is?"

We shook our heads and galloped on. Every one we passed, or traveled with, had the same wild questions to ask. The general opinion was that the comet had made all the trouble. Instead of destroying the earth it had merely twisted the great scheme of things and then passed on. Uncle Ajax did not parry this opinion. He held his peace, and I began to wonder if his earthquake theory was losing ground.

We were four hours on the road and arrived in Phoenix at half-past two. Already evening was coming on, as we turned our horses into the same corral where I had left Romeo before. The proprietor of the corral was taking considerably more interest in life.

"The comet didn't kill anybody," he remarked, "but just doubled things up on us. We have two days, now, where we used to have one; we can move twicet as fast as used to be the case; we eat just as many meals ag'in, and every pound is thirty-two ounces. It costs two dollars a day to leave a horse here, pardner, where it only used to be one dollar. I've got to double up same's everything else."

"But the days are only half as long!" protested my uncle.

"Can't help that. If they're only half as long, we're able to do jest as much work in 'em; and then, you see, living expenses has doubled."

We did not haggle over the price, but went on into the town. What a contrast was the place with the Phoenix I had visited a short time before! Now everything was in a state of wild activity. A leisurely pace was a gallop, and a moderate pace a wild run. Street cars bounded from block to block, and I saw ladies avoid a collision with them by calmly jumping over their roofs! I saw a man lift a barrel of sugar, toss it carelessly over his shoulder, and rush into a store with it. Everything, it appeared, weighed only half what it used to weigh.

"The law of gravity has been disturbed, Adolphus," explained my uncle. "The 'pull' of the earth has been lessened by just half. That accounts for this running and jumping and handling of heavy articles so easily. I fear the cause will be found to have an extremely far-reaching effect. It is not, by any means, bounded by these acrobatic specialties.

The people were not depressed. On the contrary they were hilarious, and the streets were filled with piping merriment. The comet had done its work, they still lived, and the good planet was under them. This, perhaps, was amply sufficient to account for their flow of spirits. In diminishing the gravity of the earth, however, the comet seemed to have decreased the gravity of the people, as well.

Uncle Ajax and I had supper. We weren't particularly hungry, as we had had a lunch on the way to town, but everybody was going to supper and so we went. Restaurant prices had been multiplied by two. We heard a man at another table explain that it took twice as much fuel to cook a steak, and twice as much time. The way the waiters slid around and juggled with their trays was wonderful, not to say alarming. When we got through and went out into the street, Uncle Ajax complained.

"Instead of doubling up on prices they ought to cut prices in two. If it costs more to cook a steak, it only takes half as much time to serve it. And the days have been doubled by cutting the ordinary day in half. I wonder if employers are cutting wages in two, or paying the same for a day's work that they used to?"

I guessed that they were cutting. In the place where I had read stereoptican bulletins on my previous visit, there was another crowd reading bulletins of a different sort. Uncle Ajax and I paused and proceeded to gather information. The first bulletin we read ran as follows:

"The comet impinged directly upon the earth, at a point in the South Pacific somewhere between New Zealand and Australia. So far as is known the crash was not destructive to human life. Cable communication with the Old World, however, was interrupted, and neither New York nor San Francisco has been able to receive news from abroad."

"That looks bad," remarked Uncle Ajax, thoughtfully. "Suppose the Old World has been totally destroyed? Suppose—"

I caught his arm with a broken cry. "No, no," I interrupted, "don't imagine such a thing. Euphemia is somewhere in the Old World."

The old derision which he expressed whenever anything approaching the tender sentiment was manifested showed in his curling lip.

"Very well, Adolphus," he answered, "we won't imagine it. It would be too bad if the Old World was blotted out and any harm befell Euphemia. Ah! another bulletin."

"San Francisco wires that the ocean liner Alaska is just in at that port. The Alaska is five days out of New York and came nosing in through the Golden Gate looking for Liverpool. The captain swooned when told where he was. First officer reports mountainous waves on night the comet struck. The whole country is wondering what the Alaska's weird voyage can mean?"

"Weird voyage!" I echoed, with clattering teeth. "That bulletin must be a joke, Uncle Ajax."

"Hardly," my uncle answered, "hardly that, Adolphus."

Another message swiftly followed:

"Telescopes at the Lick and other observatories have studied the earth's new moon with astonishing results. Its distance from the earth is only 120,000 miles, just half the distance of the old moon; it has an atmosphere just like

I'll Fit You

In My New Way at These Little Prices

I make garments to measure for thousands of women who send to me year after year. Each garment is first made to measure in muslin. Then I send it by mail to try on. Thus I secure that perfect fit which belongs to custom-made garments. My prices are—

Suits - -	$11.50 up
Coats - -	7.50 up
Skirts - -	4.00 up
Dresses -	9.50 up

and I pay mail or express charges. There are tailors close by me who charge five times my prices. They offer the same styles, same materials, same tailoring. But they make one suit where I make a hundred. And they fit in person where I fit by mail.

I never gave to women better service than now when I charged $60 to $100 per suit. And I never fitted them better than I can fit you by making this muslin dummy.

See My Styles

Ask for my Style Book and samples. This will show you the cream of Fall fashions and fabrics. I will quote you on clothes, made to measure and fitted, just as little as ready-made clothing would cost.

I will fit you just as well as though you came here in person. And no other system can do that by mail. Let me prove this to you. Ask for my book. To you women who seek distinction in dress this shop of mine is a find. Write me a postal today.

MENDEZ, Ladies' Tailor, CHICAGO
1085 West 35th Street

32 Pieces **32 Pieces**

Gold Edged Dinner Set

For a Few Hours Easy Work

Every piece pure white, high grade china—edged with gold. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to-the-minute and indispensable quality. Guaranteed not to craze. We sell breads to dealers. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful Art Pictures 16 x 20 inches (sold for $1.00 each in many stores, with 12 cans of White Cleansing Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Send us the $3.00 collected and the set is yours. We've been making these offers for 17 years. The Wilson plan is the easiest—and absolutely square. No money required. Simply send name and address. Pictures and Salve sent promptly prepaid.

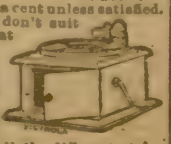
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. M207 Tyrone, Pa.

Try this Victor or Victrola FREE

with 12 popular songs, dances, band and ragtime pieces selected by you.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

You don't pay a cent unless satisfied. If the Victor don't suit you, return it at our expense. If you keep it, we will trust you. TERMS AS LOW AS 50c A WEEK.



Write at once for our big 300-page Victor book, containing list of over 6,000 records, also showing all the different styles and prices of Victors and Victrolas. WRITE TODAY.

Field-Lippman Piano Stores
1114 H Olive Street St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1 in full payment. If not, you owe us nothing. Write to-day. W. K. Sterling, 827 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

Make This and Try It for Coughs

This Home-Made Remedy has no Equal for Prompt Results.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually conquers an ordinary cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup and bronchitis. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this plan.

Making cough syrup with Pinex and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But the old, successful mixture has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 206 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

This Wife *and* Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 477 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

New Typewriter

Highly efficient, yet only $18! Visible writing, standard keyboard. Does $100 machine's work. Agents Wanted. Big money maker. Sold on approval. Money back unless satisfied. Write for proposition. H. H. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, N. Y.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 17 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1824 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Silk Remnants for patching Crazy Quilts, Sofa Cushions, Bedspreads, Large pieces, all colors. Big Bargains in Pound Boxes. Send 10 cents for large package and 150 Quilt Designs. Our Silk the best, 3 for 25c. STAR SILK CO. Chicago, Ill.

DROPSY TREATED 10 DAYS FREE Short breathing quickly relieved—swelling, uric acid and water removed in a few days. Treatment regulates kidneys and heart. Write for 10-day free home treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. S, Atlanta, Ga.

our planet, and its configuration is exactly that of the earth's Eastern Hemisphere. It is believed that some inexplicable process of refraction casts the shadow of the Old World upon this new moon, and indirectly this gives rise to the belief that the Old World has not been destroyed."

"Now, I believe," remarked my uncle, "that we are getting nearer and nearer the real facts."

"Have you given up the earthquake theory?" I asked.

"It is untenable; I discovered that last night."

Another bulletin claimed our attention:

"A gathering of the country's greatest astronomers, in Washington, startles the world with the following: The comet, impinging directly upon the earth, cracked and separated it into two halves, the line of cleavage being strangely coincident with the great circle separating the Eastern and the Western Hemispheres. As a result we have a divided world. The two halves, hurled apart, have become separate planets, the Western Hemisphere alone retaining the earth's old position with respect to the sun and the ecliptic. The new moon, which accompanies the old, is the Eastern Hemisphere, held midway between our planet and the moon by mutual attraction of these two bodies. Later reports, dealing with this monstrous catastrophe, will be issued as the deliberations progress."

I stared at the bulletin, my heart swelling in my breast until I thought it would burst. For a moment I was stunned, and then a grief-stricken cry escaped me and I turned to put out my hands blindly and support myself by clinging to my uncle's arm.

"Euphemia!" I whispered, "one hundred and twenty thousand miles away!"

I could not look for comfort from my uncle, but even had he been prompted to try to assuage my grief no chance was allowed him. There was a stir in the crowd that surrounded us, and I heard an accusing voice, a familiar, high-pitched voice:

"There they are! There stand the monsters, the world-wreckers! The Binneys, Ajax and Adolphus! Seize them, sheriff!"

Then I was seized, and I presume my uncle was seized also. I had reached a point, however, where I cared little what happened to me.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

The Lesser Evil.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty to this charge," asked the Court.

The prisoner looked around him. Beside him was the doubtful lawyer he had retained to defend him. Arrayed against him were the best attorneys in the country. Above him sat the implacable Judge, and across the room was the bone-headed jury.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "before I enter this plea can I ask some questions?"

"You may."

"If I stand trial, will I hafter set here an' listen while these here shysters ask hypothetical questions?"

"You will."

"Do I hafter hear all these here handwritin' experts, fur an' agin?"

"You do."

"Will I hafter set right here while the insanity doctors does all their talkin'?"

"Certainly."

"I'm ready."

"Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

* * *

Good Advertising.

Not long ago a patron of a cafe summoned his waiter and delivered himself as follows:

"I want to know the meaning of this. Look at this piece of beef. See its size. Last evening I was served with a portion more than twice the size of this."

"Where did you sit?" asked the waiter.

"What has that to do with it? I believe I sat by the window."

"In that case," smiled the waiter, "the explanation is simple. We always serve customers by the window large portions. It's a good advertisement for the place."

* * *

Hard Work

Mrs. Cooke had a new servant, and after the first cake she baked the mistress went to the kitchen.

"Delia," said Mrs. Cooke, "your cake was very good, but there were not enough nuts in it. When you make another, please remember I like plenty of nuts in the cake."

"Well, mum," replied the girl, "the reason I didn't put more in was because I couldn't crack any more today. Indeed, mum, an' my jaw hurts yet from them I did crack."

FREE Catalog and Credit

Save 20% to 50% on All Your Home Furnishings

OUR big 1914, color-illustrated book of 408 pages is ready for you—showing over 8,000 lowest priced bargains in all Home Furnishings sent direct on easiest payment credit, **Free.** Don't fail to send your name and address now by postal or letter to get your copy this season. It will save you from 20 to 50% on everything you order—little things or big things you have wanted to enjoy which you can now have at once. You can furnish your home this way and take your own easy time to pay us. We started this plan 58 years ago and have over 1,000,000 regular home customers who always buy this way direct from us—JUST AS YOU CAN.

Remember, you get—

No. 4E374

Astonishing Values in Dining Room Table and Chairs. Here's an offer that saves you big money. The table is made of solid oak and richly finished golden; has a 45-inch top which extends to 6 ft. when opened; is fitted with smooth-running extension slides and has massive pedestal and base, supported by Colonial Scroll legs. Chairs are made of solid oak with rich quartered oak back panel and banister. Finished golden. Have box seats covered with Imperial leather, strong stretchers and shaped front legs. You can order entire set; 6 chairs or table separately.

Price of Set .....(Terms $2.00 Cash—$1.50 Monthly)..... $21.48
Price of 6 Chairs.....(Terms $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly)..... 10.50
Price of Table.....(Terms $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly)..... 10.98

One Year to Pay—30 Days' Free Examination

You can send a trial order direct for the bargains shown in this ad—or just ask for our Big Free Book. Everything guaranteed. You can see and use everything in your home 30 days and if not perfectly satisfied it will not cost you a penny. We take it back. Refund anything paid us without argument or question. Order everything you want including newest exclusive designs in Home Furnishings, Carpets, Rugs, Chairs, Tables, Sets, Curtains, Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Baby Carriages, Bedding, Bicycles, Clocks, Jewelry, Cameras, Dishes, Glassware, Guns, Silverware, Phonograph Records, Etc.

No. 8E569

Our "Magic" Regent Hot Blast Heater. A powerful quick heating stove made of elegantly designed, heavy cast iron and cold rolled steel. Has mica lights in front feed door, perfected hot blast tube and draft features, and is full nickel trimmed. A most wonderful fuel saver and fully guaranteed in every way. Has 14-inch fire pot and is 67 inches high.

Price Only $11.98
Terms: $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

No. 8E570

Our "Merit" Regent Steel Range. This is without a question one of the finest ranges on the market. Made of finest cold rolled, blue steel and guaranteed for us to last a lifetime. Has large oven, 16x18x12 inches in size; duplex grates in large fire-box; finest flue system for disturbing heat, and steel high closet as shown. Magnificently trimmed with nickel.

Price without Hot Water Reservoir, only $21.75
Terms: $2.00 Cash—$1.50 Monthly.
Price with Reservoir $26.75
Terms: $2.50 Cash—$2.00 Monthly.

Select from 8000 Bargains for the Home

Sent Anywhere On Credit

You be the judge of what our latest catalog shows you before you order. Then examine, use, and compare what we send with any merchandise at even higher prices—on cash or credit payments. We ask for no notes, mortgage or interest. No red tape, trouble, collectors, or delay. No matter where you live or who you are, our enormous buying and trusting power can and will save you big money if you will investigate—and give us a trial order—at our risk. Open a charge account at once. All you need do is to write us for our new big catalog. Look it over for all you need. Test our splendid low price making advantages.

Get Our Book Sure! *Write today for your copy of our big catalogue entitled "Message of Joy." We'll send it FREE—postpaid.*

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
3926 Wentworth Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Largest, Oldest and Best Known Home Furnishing Concern in America Selling on Credit
Established 1855—58 Years of Success. 22 Great Stores—1,000,000 Customers

WATCH CHAIN AND RING FREE

This is a legitimate offer, made by the old reliable house—established 17 years. We do exactly as we say. Watch and ring are exactly as shown. Our premiums are the costliest—our plan the easiest. Merely give away—FREE—12 Art Pictures, 16x20 in.—no two alike—(valued $1 each in some stores) with 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Send $3.00 collected and Watch, Chain and ring come by return post. Big cash commission if you prefer. Agents making $3.00 daily. Send no money—WE TRUST YOU. Name and address on a postal brings Pictures and Salve FREE and prepaid. Write TODAY.

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dept. M 107 TYRONE, PENN.

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE FREE

Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, 10 D 51 CHICAGO.

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK FREE

FREE—Gold-tipped White Key Glass and Patent Cork Screw with each order.

THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINES AND CORDIALS

The famous old *Mellow Springs Whiskey*—private stock—the brand that once you try you will always buy. We want you to try it and we will take the risk. Send us any order in the list below—use a full quart bottle; try it yourself, treat your friends; test it every way; you are the judge; and if you are not more than satisfied it's the biggest whiskey bargain ever made, just return unused portion and we will refund all your money. These prices talk.

4	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$2.25
8	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$4.25
12	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$6.25

Our Great FREE Offer

With each four quarts of *Mellow Springs Whiskey* we send you *absolutely free* a handsome scroll crystal glass decanter, with scroll glass stopper, filled with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. In ordering state contents desired. This decanter is full size, free from advertising matter, a useful ornament to any sideboard. You can't beat the genuine old *Mellow Springs*, the same straight, pure, aged-in-bond whiskey physicians have always recommended for medicinal and home use. Not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. You pay double the price for inferior whiskey; but by selling direct to you and cutting out salesmen's expenses, etc., we have squeezed the price down to the last notch. *This wonderful offer will last but a limited time and we therefore urge you to take advantage and order immediately.* *Note*—These are *Full Quart Bottles.*

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., Warehouse L ST. LOUIS, MO.

BEING PLACID.

"Where was the wreck?" asked the man of the house when he came home to dinner and took a good look at his dismal wife.

"Don't try to be funny!" she begged. "I've stood a good deal, but that would be the last straw that would make me leave home! The reason I look like this is because I began the day firmly resolved to meet life placidly."

"I don't think I get you," ejaculated the man of the house.

"If you aren't placid you get wrinkles," explained the woman with the headache bandage and general disarray. "I read a most convincing article by a noted woman, who said that the only way to keep young and good looking was not to allow one's self to worry, always to be calm and unruffled and to allow nothing to disturb one's placidity. She said this state of mind exerted a tremendous force about one and enabled one to bend circumstances to one's will. It sounded easier than having to fuss and stew about. So after breakfast I began letting nothing annoy me."

"What happened first?" asked her husband.

"What a pessimist you are!" commented his wife. "Well, the cook got a letter in the early mail saying her sister was going to have all their relatives for a visit and she left on the spot. I had six women coming to lunch, but that made no impression on the cook.

"If you never tried to be calm when you were longing to hurl the furniture at some one," went on the man's wife, "there is no use trying to explain what was going on inside of me as the door banged after the cook. I turned to Selma, the second girl, and said beguilingly, 'You can get luncheon, I know—can't you, Selma?' Selma sniffed. She said she had been hired to do second work, not cooking, and if people hadn't any more regard for her rights than that she had her opinion of 'em and, please, she'd like to give a week's notice. Anyhow, she knew of a job that paid more.

"Still calm and smiling, I began to set the table myself and found holes burned in two of my best lunch napkins. By pounding my fists against the wall I managed to keep perfectly calm. I resolved that nothing material should disturb me. The grocery sent potatoes instead of tomatoes, the salad dressing curdled and I dropped a china dish and smashed it. Having no one but yourself to blame for an accident like that is perhaps the most trying thing that can happen to a woman.

"By this time my lips were stiff in their smile of calm placidity, but I was resolved to encourage no wrinkles. 'Everything will be all right, I know,' I cooed to myself when I burned the biscuits. 'I don't mind it in the least,' I assured myself when the first guest arrived before I had got out of my kitchen ginghams, and I ushered her into a parlor that wasn't dusted. 'It's of no consequence,' I said when I recalled that Sadie White, who was to be present, always had things done up to the last notch when she entertained and was horribly critical.

"The luncheon went off just as badly as it was possible for a luncheon to go. Then the dressmaker 'phoned that she had accidentally dropped a bottle of glue on the hand-embroidered silk crepe I had taken to her for a dress and what should she do about it? She must have thought I was insane when I chortled: 'Oh, never mind. Don't worry it will be all right!'

"Sadie White spent most of the afternoon telling about the wonderful luncheons she had gone to elsewhere in her life, and explaining how she loved harmony in the home. That was just after she ostentatiously dusted off her hand, which she had laid down on her chair arm. I beamed through it all. I was quite calm when another woman said she had seen a table cover just like the one I paid ten dollars for reduced to $1.90 at another store. I was also calm when Mabel called me to the 'phone, and, in spite of hints that I had company, talked for half an hour, mostly about Sadie White, and then wondered why I made such wild answers to her remarks.

"I still moved serenely when the postman brought a bunch of bills just as the guests were leaving, and Mrs. Grimp said, 'Oh, do you get bills in the middle of the month? How odd! Still, I suppose they keep sending 'em if one doesn't pay promptly.'

"I went upstairs, still smiling, when they had gone and looked at myself calmly in the glass. As I looked I saw that in my hurry I had pinned the rat in my coiffure and totally forgot to cover it with my switch. My head looked just like a heathen idol's. And all those six women were doubtless at that minute giggling about it!

"Then my smile cracked. I threw the hair brush at a picture on the wall and smashed the glass. I kicked the rug into a ball and then kicked it some more. I yanked my dress off and tore it. I pounded the couch cushions and declared that I hated everybody and everything, and I'd like to boil the cook in oil and throw the dressmaker and Sadie White in after her. Then I felt better. I haven't quite caught my breath yet, but the relief is tremendous. Being placid through trials is a fraud."

"Unless you were a nice, unimpressionable cement woman with stone trimmings," agreed her husband. "Break up a little more furniture and see if it doesn't revive you sufficiently to go downtown with me for dinner!"

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 30 cents per word for 1,200,000 circulation.

SALESMEN WANTED

AGENTS—Either Sex. Nickeled Safety Potato peeler. 86 sales from 100 calls. Start while new. Sample 10c. Write O'Brien Novelty Co., 602 O'Brien Bldg., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS WANTED

YOUNG Man, Would You Accept and Wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Or a Slip-on Raincoat free? Could you use $5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job? Write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 500, Chicago.

AGENTS—The Best and Most Appropriate of all Christmas propositions. Our wonderful luminous crucifix shines all night in darkest room. Each crucifix put up in an attractive holly box. See our new "dark room" demonstrating carrying case. Write or wire for agency at once. Pioneer Portrait Co., 1258 W. 63rd St., Chicago.

AGENTS—Sell "Zanol" Concentrated Extracts for making liquors at home. A few minutes does the work. Saves over 50%. Guaranteed strictly legitimate. Small package. Enormous demand, sells fast, coins you money. Send postal today. We'll show you how to make money quick. Universal Import Co., 24 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

LIBERAL Salary With Cash Commission and share in our profits. Fifty valuable advertising premiums for customers bring quick sales. Your own 72-page catalogs furnished to start you in mail order business. Experience unnecessary. Best season now. Credit given. Write immediately. Best Mfg. Co., Div. 15, Providence, R. I.

AGENTS Make $10 a Day Selling Rugs at $1 each, cost agents 55c, size 36x68. Sell from one to six at every house; something every housewife wants. Three full size rugs for samples for $1.65. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Texas.

$50. to $200. Weekly. District Supervisors who will appoint men, women, children agents for 20 specialties. Something good for every class of agent. Samples worth $500 furnished without bond or deposit. Perrine Associates, Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PORTRAITS, Medallions, Photo Pillow Tops, luminous crucifix, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures, etc., at prices below the lowest; guaranteed; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days credit; catalogue and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk P 3, Chicago.

PILLOWS Free Shipped All Freight Paid on receipt of $10. for our famous 36 lb. bed. All new feathers. Best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. Turner & Cornwell, Dept. G, Memphis, Tenn., or Charlotte N. C.

MANUFACTURER of New Exclusive Linen heel and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agent in every county. Sales enormous. Reorders insure permanent, increasing income. Protected territory. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE Will Pay You $120.00 to Distribute Religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 515 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

AGENTS—We Offer Regular Weekly Salaries besides large cash profits on each order to introduce our splendid Toilet Products. If $25 to $50 per week looks good to you, apply at once to—E. M. Davis, R34, Davis Block, Chicago.

$2.50 Per Day Salary and Additional Commission paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavorings in tubes. Ziegler Co., 443 G, Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS—You Can Make $40 to $75 a Week selling guaranteed aluminum ware to consumers. Complete sales course free. Your territory open. Answer quick. Div. B-L American Aluminum Co., Lemont, Ill.

WILL Pay Reliable Man or Woman $12.50 to distribute 100 free pkgs. perfumed borax soap powder among friends. No money required. B. W. Ward and Company, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

AGENTS—Pair Silk Hose Free. State Size. Send no money. Agents wanted everywhere. Immense profits. New plan. Beautiful line. Tripiewear Mills, Desk F-112 S. 13th, Philadelphia, Penna.

AGENTS: Snappiest Household Line on Earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters. Over 150 different articles. Goods guaranteed. 100% profit. Write quick—hurry. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6725 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Wanted—Send 25c Coin, and Receive a set of woman suffrage post cards, and one of each of our catalogues with agents terms. A. S. Mankin & Co., Alexandria, Va.

AGENTS—Sell 6 pair 25c Sox $1.00, Six months guarantee. Great holiday proposition. Big profits. Write for samples. Comer Hosiery Co., 37 Ohio St., Dayton, O.

AGENTS—Make $25 to $100 Every Week Selling sign letters for stores and offices. Success guaranteed. Samples and particulars free. Metallic Sign Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

BIG Money Selling Our Line $10 to $50 Profit each sale. Great demand. Exclusive territory to hustlers. Write C. Hemple Sales Mgr. 175-H No. Sangamon, Chicago.

AGENTS Wanted—Highest Cash Weekly and part expenses. Free outfit. Home territory. Hawks Co., Wauwatosa, Wis.

SELF Threading Needles, 10c a Paper. Agents' samples and terms free. Ladies' Art Co., Dept. 53, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT Store, Cincinnati, Ohio. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

FOR LADIES

A Beautiful Face and Perfect Complexion Can be easily obtained. Write to-day for costly free souvenir offer. The Robertson Co., 558 West 158th St., New York City.

LADIES Save More Than Half. Get Our 35c value assortment choice needles by sending to-day only eight 2c stamps. Occidental Mail Order Co., Oak City, Utah.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Honest Men and Women to Address, mail and fold printed matter. No experience required. Steady work. Good pay. Full instructions, samples, etc. 12 cents. Write today. Co-Operative Mercantile Co., Box B1456, Springfield, Mass.

LET the Parcel Post Add to Your Monthly income. Twenty mail order plans with instruction sent post-paid. Particulars free. Write to-day. Walter E. Toennies Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

MEN and Women—Get Government Jobs. $65 to $150 month. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Thousands of appointments coming. Write for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 30, Rochester, N. Y.

SONG Poems Wanted—New Plan. Big Money. Past experience unnecessary. Send poems or melodies. Free book and advice. Hayworth Music Co., 655 G, Washington, D. C.

EARN $10.00 to $20.00 Weekly Mailing Letters at home. Particulars and outfit 10c. Morris, 215 Christain, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED

FREE Illustrated Book Tells of About 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

GET Prepared for Government Examinations by former United States Civil Service Secretary-Examiner. No "Free Preparation" or "Positions Guaranteed" schemes. Straight proposition. "Real Courses." Booklet without obligation. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

A MONEY Proposition. Do You Want to Cooperate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business? I will furnish the printed matter, advertise in several papers, furnish goods to fill orders for one half the profits. Write for particulars. Desk 701, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Mich.

$10 Per 100 Upward Paid Tacking Signs, Distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for pricelist paid secure territory. Sheppard Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

I WILL Start You Earning $4 Daily at Home in spare time, silvering mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, Mass.

BECOME Detectives—Earn $150-$300 Monthly. Easy work. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Avenue, New York. Dept. 450.

BE Detectives—Easy Work, Big Pay; Wonderful opportunities. Write, Fidelity Detective Service, Wheeling, W. Va.

DETECTIVES: Own Locality; some travel; experience unnecessary; enclose stamp. Sturgill Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

YOU can write a short story. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. School of Short-Story Writing, 77 Page Bldg., Chicago.

LADIES Can Make Shields at Home; $10 Per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE for Six Months—My Special Offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

ADD $10 to $25 to Your Weekly Income; No work on your part; invest dollar up weekly and share in profits. Jackson & Jackson, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

LET Us Start You in the Cleaning and Dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Booklet free. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 2-A, Charlotte. N. C.

$100 to $300 Weekly in Moving Picture Business. Easy payment plan free catalog. Acorn Moving Picture Co., Dept. 10-H, 173 N. Green St., Chicago.

YOUR Ad Placed in Thirty Magazines That reach the mail order buyers, 3 months for 5 cts. per word. A. S. Mankin & Co., Alexandria, Va.

REAL ESTATE

ALFALFA, Corn and Hog Raising Is a Money making combination, rapidly making Southeastern farmers rich. The South is the new "corn belt" and the natural realm of "king alfalfa." Act quick—land prices now extremely low, values rapidly advancing. Farm lists and "Southern Field" sent free. M. V. Richards, Land and Industrial Agt., Southern Railway, Room 5, Washington, D. C.

VIRGINIA Fertile Farm Lands $15.00 Per acre and up. Easy payments. Send names of two friends interested in Virginia and receive our beautiful magazine one year free. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'L Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 75, Roanoke, Va.

OLD COINS WANTED

$1.00 to $1000.00 Cash Paid for All Rare money to date. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send stamp for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. You have nothing to lose. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

FOR SALE

2,000 Ferrets. Prices and Book Free. N. Knapp, Rochester, Ohio.

POULTRY

POULTRY Paper, 44-124 Page Periodical, Up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 128, Syracuse, N. Y.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED Information Regarding Good Farm for sale. Send description. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

INSTRUCTION

FREE—Home Study Courses—Free to Working students; full diploma—degree guaranteed when completed; write, telling what study you want; enclose 2c stamp. Logan-Sq. College, Chicago.

$25.00 Original Cross Real Estate Course, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prospectus, 4c. Healy, W-1401 Wall, Joplin, Mo.

PORTRAITS, ETC.

$2.25 Free—Genuine Enlarged Portrait, Natural colors, 14x17, regularly $3.00, for only 75c, prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money returned. Send photo today or write for free circulars. B. Greene Art Co., 107 Century Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

MUSICAL

SONGS—Poems. Don't Waste Your Money. Write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered song poems and music writers. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., Publishers, 49H West 28th St., New York City.

SONG Poems. Sell For Cash or Have Published free. Manuscript Sales Co., 57 West 28th St., Department A, New York City.

SONG POEMS

SONG Poems Wanted: I've Paid Writers thousands in royalties. Send me samples of your work for free criticism. If available, will publish under fairest, most liberal contract ever offered. Your success largely depends upon selecting an absolutely reliable, competent and successful publisher. New York is recognized market for songs and best place to publish. I composed and published many of the "greatest hits." Established 16 years, free booklet. John T. Hall, 3 Columbus Circle, New York.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

MOTION Picture Plays Wanted—You Can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 646 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

WRITE Moving Picture Plays: $50.00 Each; all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SILK HOSIERY

SILK Hosiery 35c Pair. Men's and Ladies. Extraordinary value. Send 35c for sample pair. This also entitles you to our plan to obtain 12 pair free. State size and color. Write to-day. Madewell Mills, 1303 Sansom, Philadelphia, Penna.

PATENTS

PATENTS Secured. Booklet Free. Harry Patton Co., Suite 325 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FORMULAS

FORMULA for Making Puncture Proof Fluid for automobile tires $1.00. Every auto owner buys. Ryonel Co., Dansville, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEATH to Wrinkles and Withered Skin, With our inexpensive vacuum treatment. 10c brings 25c size Beautibrick. Aztec Remedy Co., Toledo, O.

24 Artistic Miniature Photos "Woman Beautiful" 10c. New 64 pg. book for gentlemen 12c, both 20c. Normal Specialty Co., Englewood, Chicago.

9 Concealed Beauties, Imported, Rare; and 5 positions, active life, 15c. Wra, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

READ "SHE," 25c. Four Nifty Photos, 10c. Catalogue, 2c. Paul Duff, 2713 Mozart, Chicago.

EVERYBODY—Send 6c to Juron & Co., Wicker, Chicago, for something great.

PERSONAL

MARRY Rich—Matrimonial Paper of Highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free, sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

MARRY—Many Rich, Congenial and Anxious for companions. Interesting. Particulars and photos free. The Messenger, Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY—Catalogue With Photos and Descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Mich.

FUTURE Told. Also Past. Send 10c and birthdate. J. D. Edwards, 2703 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGE Paper Free; Best Published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRIAGE Paper, Largest Published. With photos pretty girls, mailed free. Ideals, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY—Photos, Descriptions and P. O. Addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY Rich. Hundreds Anxious to Marry. Descriptions and photos free. The Unity, Sta. D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LOVINE Never Fails. Every Package Guaranteed. Either sex, 10c. Two packages sealed 20c. Union, Box 100 N. Palatine, Ill.

HUNDREDS Wealthy Members Seeking Early marriage. Descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 1420 West Oakland, Calif.

GET Married—Best Matrimonial Paper Published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY, Thousands Wealthy, Anxious for early marriage, description free. Confidential. 268 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

MARRIAGE Paper: Highest Character; [illegible] members; sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1000, Denver, Colo.

HAVE Friends and Sweethearts Everywhere. Receive postcards from everyplace. Membership 10c. Hoosierclub, Terre Haute, Ind.

RED Hot! Four Beautifully Colored Bathing girl pictures, 10c. Pendergast Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

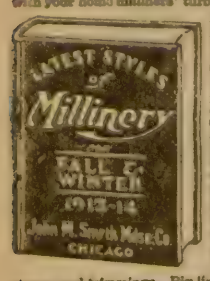
HAVE Sweethearts, Friends Everywhere! Exchange postcards, letters. Membership 10c. Elite Club, 8827 Kenneth Ave., Chicago.

PRETTY Girls and Cowboys Want to Exchange postcards. Membership 10c. Cowboy Club, Lamar, Texas.

Elegant Ostrich Trimmed Paris Model Turban $2.35

To prove that our hats are the prettiest and prices lowest, we will sell, as long as they last, 5,000 beautiful turbans, like picture at only $2.35. It's an exquisitely fetching turban. Very latest fall and winter style. Imported Paris shape frame made on 10 in. wide buckram and wire frames, daintily covered with luxurious black silk finished [illegible] Trimmed with **Three Lovely black Ostrich Tips.** We recommend the hat in black as described, but when ordering will supply it in solid brown or solid navy or with white-stretch tips.

Send $2.35 order No. 24x95, state color of trimming and ostrich tips wanted and we will send this exquisitely pretty turban, very latest Paris style for Fall and Winter 1913 to you by express. Examine it, criticise it, compare it with your home milliners' turbans at double our price; try it on and see how pretty it looks on you, and then if you find the hat the prettiest and daintiest turban you ever tried on, the most chic and becoming hat you ever wore, keep it. Otherwise return it at our expense and we will gladly and promptly refund your $2.35. Order this lovely turban today, or send for our great **Big Free Millinery Catalogue** which shows hundreds of pictures in [illegible] beautifully trimmed hats for women, misses and children, exact duplicates of exquisite Fall and Winter 1913 and 1914 Paris styles, especially designed for us by famous milliners at a cost of $30.00 to $100 each. Every hat at less than half your milliner's price or no sale. We also show in this great catalogue a wonderful line of ostrich feathers, fancy feathers, millinery trimmings, ready-to-wear hats, children's hats, shapes and trimmings. Big line of Amazon Plumes, Willow Plumes and French Curl at $1.69 up. Order the turban or send for day for our wonderful free millinery catalogue and see for yourself.



JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

FREE New Fall Style Book

All the beautiful new fashions for Fall and Winter are pictured in our Magnificent New Fall Style Book—now ready. We are waiting for your name and address. Send it today and let us mail you a copy Free. Shows every new, authoritative style in women's and children's wearing apparel—suits, cloaks, furs, dresses, waists, white goods, millinery, lingerie, shoes, hair goods—besides everything for children. Full of Bargains. See this splendid

3-Piece Outfit Sent for 50c

Beautiful new Fall style made-to-measure 3-Piece Outfit complete, for only 50c down. This magnificent bargain is only one of hundreds of our sensational offers. Send for New Fall Style Book and **Special Bargain List for this month only. DON'T WAIT!**

900 Other Bargains

Skirt Modish new model made from fine velvet corduroy. Handsome side overlay terminating with narrow pleats. Self button trimming. Choice of brown or blue. Length 37 to 44 inches.

Stylish Waist Of beautiful poplar cloth, white with pencil stripe. Yoke and vestee of white lace over white bobinette. Front has narrow rows of tucking; long sleeves with cuffs. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure.

Petticoat Made of rich quality black taffetine. Flounce richly embroidered with mercerized silk dust ruffle beneath. Send bust, hip, belt measure and skirt length if you order from this ad. Terms 50c down—then $1.10 monthly. Special price only $6.95. Order by No. A-20.

Buy On Credit

Use your credit. It is good with us. Select any of the beautiful clothes shown in our handsome Style Book or Bargain List. Take your own time to pay. A little bit down and then a very small amount each month is all we ask. Let us solve your clothes problems. We will trust you no matter where you live. You can have your new clothes while the styles are newest and pay for them while you wear them. Six whole months to pay.

Write Today Whether you order this outfit or not don't fail to send your name for our big book of new Fall fashions. Ask for Style Book No. 30. Ask also for our Fall Catalog of Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes, No. 50. Both books free and postpaid. A postal brings either.

If you wish to order the outfit send only 50c and measurements asked for above. But write for FREE Style Books anyway.

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 347 35th St., Chicago

A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular, or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

Magic Tricks Send 10c. and we mail 200 Magic Tricks with coins, cards, dice, ribbons, rings, etc., explained so simple you can do them at once. Astonish and amuse friends and make money. Be a wizard, shine as a star in your town. Write Bates Magic Co., Dept. 5 Melrose, Mass.

CLOVER 6 FEET HIGH! This is common in Minnesota. Abundance of cheap lands. Ideal climate. The State for Homeseekers. For information write, FRED D. SHERMAN, State Immigration Commissioner, 314 State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

Anecdotes of People

Was He Kidding?

"I don't know whether the fellow was having fun with me or whether he was simply the stupidest man I ever met," explains the man who travels for paint. "He was standing at the corner of Superior and East 18th street when a funeral procession came along Monday afternoon. I stopped to wait till it got by and I noticed that there was a band and a bunch of mourners in uniform. So I thought it must be somebody of importance and I ventured to question a fellow who was standing near me.

"Whose funeral is it?" I asked.

"'It looks like the K. of P.'s but maybe it's Maccabees,' he answered. 'I don't rightly know.'

"'Yes, yes,' I insisted, 'but who's dead?'

"'I think it's the gentleman in the hearse,' says he.

"He was so solemn and anxious about it that, as I said before, I don't know whether he was kidding me or not."

Wanted It to Last.

Senator Lodge was talking in Boston about certain investigating committees.

"They are like the brook," he said.

"They flow on forever. Some of them, in fact, remind me strongly of Si Hoskins.

"Si Hoskins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill owner's dam.

"There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee, and finding him thus one morning, I said:

"'What are you doing, Si?'

"'I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir,' he answered. 'They're underminin' the dam.'

"There goes one now,' said I. 'Shoot, man. Why don't you shoot?'

"Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said:

"'Do you think I want to lose my job?'"

Had Got Him.

It was in St. Paul's Cathedral that a guide held forth thus to an American traveler:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world ever knew!"

"Yes?"

"It is, sir, the tomb of Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophiggus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that is a ma'ogany coffin 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the Yankee, after a moment's reflection, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that telegraph me at my expense."

Guest—"I ordered that fish a half hour ago."

Waiter—"Yes, sir."

Guest—"Well, what kind of bait are they using?"

Do You Want A Sewing Machine?

The wonderful King Sewing Machine is sweeping the country with tremendous success, bringing the comforts, pleasures and fine sewing of the highest grade sewing machines into thousands of homes at a remarkably low price, and at terms to suit all. The entire product of the big half-million dollar King factory at Buffalo, N. Y., is sold direct to the user, thus cutting out all middlemen's profits, giving the user the benefit of this saving amounting to eighteen or nineteen dollars on every machine. This machine is turned out brand new, made of the best materials obtainable, by the highest skilled labor. It is a masterpiece of mechanical construction, guaranteed for twenty years and will give the user a life time of satisfactory service. Every modern feature is found in the King—all the latest improvements—everything that could possibly be desired to turn out any kind of work in the most perfect, easiest and quickest way. The King Sewing Machine Co. makes it remarkably easy to own a high grade machine at their money-saving price. They will send any machine in their big bargain catalog, to any home, on thirty days free trial, to be thoroughly tested by the user. If not entirely satisfactory, it may be returned at their expense, or if kept, it can be paid for either cash or small monthly payments. Free catalog can be obtained by addressing the King Sewing Machine Co., 173 Rano St., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

Presence of Mind.

Pat and Mike were working on a new building. Pat was laying brick and Mike was carrying the hod. Mike had just come up to the fourth floor when the dinner whistle blew. His lunch was on the ground. "I hate to walk down after it," he said.

"Take hold of this rope," said Pat, "and I'll let you down." Pat let him down halfway, and then let go of the rope. Mike landed in a mortar bed, not much hurt, but terribly mortified.

"And why did you let go of the rope?" he demanded.

"I thought it was going to break," said Pat, "and I had prisence of mind enough to let go."

Mrs. Fann—"But what makes you think the cave men played baseball?"

Mr. Fann—"Why, they've found the skull of one that's an inch thick—evidently an umpire."

In the Same Boat.

"Low-priced automobiles are often excellent, but when it comes to sixty-horse power limousines for $250—well, then it's time to draw the line."

The speaker was John Drew. He continued:

"Cars too low in price remind me of the 'Stucko 6' young Billings owned.

"Billings was a little unsteady, and hence wasn't considered a good partI. So, one wild March morning, he eloped with his girl. They made off in the famous Stucko 6.

"But they had hardly gone ten minutes when, a mile behind, they saw the girl's father in another car speeding after them. Then their engine snorted and stopped, and Billings leaped out and opened up his repair kit.

"We are lost!" cried the girl. But at that moment the old man also stopped, about half a mile away, and got out a repair kit in his turn.

"In an hour the wild chase was resumed again. For some ten miles the two cars tore onward like the wind. Then a loud report was heard, the Stucko 6 stopped again, and Billings leaped down to perform another job of repairs.

"'Oh, he'll catch us for sure!' cried the girl. But, just as she spoke, her father's car stopped, and in the distance the old fellow's figure could be seen, lithe and active, making strenuous repairs.

"The cars eventually set off again. Again Billings' broke down, and again his sweetheart moaned:

"'Oh, there's no hope. He's bound to overtake us this time.'

"But Billings pointed his monkey-wrench back at her father, who was just getting down from his seat.

"'Keep a brave heart, darling,' he said, and a cheery smile lit up his grease-blackened face. 'Your father can't gain an inch on us. Don't you know our cars are both the same make?'"

Objected.

A young housewife was showing a new and inexperienced colored maid around the house, explaining the various duties that would be hers. In an upper hall they came suddenly to the head of the back stairs, and the lady said:

"Nancy, you will go down this way, always!" And with that the little mistress slipped and tumbled, going all the way down with many lurches and bumps.

The new maid was aghast.

"My lan', missy; Ah'm afraid Ah won't suit you all. Dat a-way ob goin' down stairs am a heap too strenumous fo' me."

A Nice Distinction.

Mayor Rockwell of Akron, Ohio, was publicly complimenting a city official.

"You have drawn nice distinctions in your work," he said. "You have made these distinctions as clear as the classic one between the optimist and the pessimist.

"The optimist, you know, is a man who enjoys what he can't like, and a pessimist is a man who likes what he can't enjoy."

VANITY BOX FREE

TO INTRODUCE THIS WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

Since 1839 we have made thousands of experiments. At last we have perfected our **secret process.** It makes a truly wonderful toilet powder which combines in itself all the qualities of ordinary toilet powders with the qualities of the expensive French face powders. **Read the Free Vanity Box Offer below.**

JAP ROSE

(Face and Body)

Toilet Talcum Powder

(1) Has the lasting rose fragrance. We use **real** Ottar of Rose perfume. The **genuine** Ottar, such as we use, is the essence of pressed Rose Leaves imported from Bulgaria.

(2) A face and complexion powder which is very light and soft. For persons with skin that is sallow or "dry-looking" or has large pores this **newly discovered** powder is simply splendid. It covers instantly and completely without giving you a powdered look. It immediately improves the appearance, and lasts or **"stays on"** in the hottest weather.

(3) Our secret Process makes "Jap Rose" remarkably absorbent and antiseptic. Combined with its cooling and skin soothing properties its absorbent and **antiseptic** qualities make it the one ideal powder for baby's tender skin.

VANITY BOX FREE We wish to write every dealer about this discovery. So send us name of your dealer, with twelve 2c stamps, for **full-sized** tin of this wonderful **Jap Rose** *Face and Body* **Powder**, and we will send you FREE a beautiful Vanity Box, very latest style, made of imported "Ivoree," complete with **Mirror** and **Powder-puff**—all sent postpaid with the **FREE** Vanity Box on receipt of 25 cents coin or twelve 2 cent stamps.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO.,
337 East Austin Avenue Chicago, Ill.
Manufacturers of the celebrated Jap Rose Soap.

13 Cents a Day for this Famous Visible Typewriter —The OLIVER

Nothing Down—Free Trial! Guaranteed for Life—Free Supplies—13 Cents a Day or $4 a Month.

Ask for our beautiful descriptive book called "Your Final Typewriter"—It's free—No obligation. No salesmen to bother you—We give our customers a price so low that we have astonished the entire typewriter world! 15,000 people have accepted our offer—

Just write your name on a postal or on the margin of this page and mail today sure. (191)

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
166 J 46 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
(Authorized Distributors of the No. 3 Olivers)

Let Us Send You a Genuine Edison Phonograph on Free Trial

right to your own home. Entertain your family and your friends. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. **$2 a month** now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at **Rock-Bottom prices** and without even interest on monthly payments. Send today for our beautiful **Free Edison Catalog.** A postal or a letter is enough. **But send it at once.** Write today.

Edison Phonograph Distributors
5017 Edison Block Chicago, Illinois

Piles Cured Quick! FREE!

Pile-no, the new, proven remedy for piles, stops pain and itching instantly—gives quick certain relief. Stop suffering now—avoid necessity of an operation. We're willing to prove to you, free, what **PILE-NO** will do. Just send 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing and we'll send liberal sample package in plain wrapper—more than enough to convince you that Pile-no is the real pile remedy you have been looking for. Send today and stop suffering.

Ridge Remedy Co., Box 179A, Park Ridge, Ill.

CORLISS LACED STOCKING

Ideal Support for Swollen Limbs, Varicose Veins, Weak Ankles or Any Leg Troubles

Light weight washable fabric. Contains no elastic to cut or burn. Laces as a boot; easily adjusted. THE ONLY stocking covering heel and ankle supporting the blood vessels at these points. Price $1.50 each, or two for same limb $2.50 postpaid. Send for self-measurement blank. 43

N. Y. Corliss Limb Spec. Co., 140 W. 42d St., New York

Quilt Patterns

Every quilter should have our book of **450 designs**, containing the prettiest, queerest, scarcest, most grotesque patterns, from old log cabin to stars and puzzle designs; also crazy stitches and Cat. All postpaid for six 2c stamps (or silver dime); 3 for 25c

LADIES' ART CO., Block 53, - St. Louis, Mo

21 RUBY JEWEL $25 GOLD WATCH $3.95

The watch you have always wanted—sent to you without your sending any money to us—not even a deposit. Write if you prefer open face or hunting case, ladies' or gents' size, and we will send this twenty-five year, fully guaranteed, thin model, American made, beautifully engraved watch for free examination and test. If you are satisfied with it and are sure it equals a $25.00 gold watch, pay us only $3.95 and the watch is yours. Write today.

Lincoln Watch Co., Dept. 5, Chicago

TRAPS Lowest Prices on all kinds for large and small game. Also baits and scents that fool the wisest and most trap-shy animals that haunt the wilds. Write for free catalog of Traps, Baits, and Trapper's Supplies. We will keep you in touch with the fur market.

Lotz Bros., Dept. F St. Louis, Mo.

BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE 14K Gold filled, guaranteed for 10 years, with stone for any month, $1.00 value to introduce our catalogue. Send 20c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size.

Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 129, L. Boston, Mass

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she is well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,200,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,200,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

The supply of talk exceeds the demand.

Young people seem to have a monopoly on good luck.

Unburned letters frequently get a man into hot water.

Men are like trees; they grow either crooked or straight.

Do bad fish that bite on Sunday deserve to get the hook?

A narrow-gauge man never gets very far on a broad-gauge track.

It is no compliment when a woman says, "Oh, all men are alike!"

The self-made man should never forget to make himself agreeable.

A lot of dead ones in every town are holding out on the undertaker.

The mosquito probably mistakes the slaps made at him for applause.

Blood will tell and time will tell—but a woman usually beats them to it.

Some girls fall in love, and some others are pushed in by anxious mothers.

It is better to miss some things as they go than to take them as they come.

But it isn't fair to judge a girl by the company she is obliged to entertain.

And many a man's conservatism is due to the fact that he hasn't the money.

Deliver us from the sympathetic man who always sympathizes with himself.

Inject common sense into a love affair and it will soon cease to be interesting.

Every rich man imagines he would enjoy helping his poor kin—if he hasn't any.

Not even an ingenious woman can make a really good husband out of poor material.

Occasionally a woman weighs her words—then throws in a lot for good measure.

Even fortune comes to him who waits—if he doesn't starve to death in the meantime.

It takes a man of strong will power to look unconcerned when his wife tells him he has been talking in his sleep.

If a woman has a good figure and knows it, she thinks other women are envious if they don't appear to notice it.

When a man works fifteen hours a day trying to earn money enough to buy his wife all the fool things she wants, that is love.

After a timid woman faces the parson with a man, her fear of mice and burglars is transferred to dashing widows and festive chorus girls.

The Orchid Hunters
Or, Lost in Terror Land
By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 39, September 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

LURED BY A FLOWER.

THE sudden retreat of the peccary band from beneath the trees that had sheltered Festus and Rolla from their sharp teeth was soon explained. The little pests darted off into the forest and vanished, but to the boys' consternation, another danger had come.

Advancing toward them were a dozen tattooed natives, one of whom looked like a giant white crane, for he had stolen the skin of that bird, and was masquerading in it with all the gusto of an accomplished actor. The sight would have been ludicrous if it had not been fraught with a new peril.

The Indians did not appear to see the occupants of the trees, but marched straight to the little camp, which they proceeded to inspect with many exclamations of wonder. Every object was taken up and handled amid outlandish gibberish, and Festus and Rolla were forced to look on, fearing to make the slightest noise.

"The big rascal has found the powder can," said Rolla, just above his breath. "There'll be something doing if he empties it out into the fire."

The powder which had been brought along for the fowling pieces was exciting the wonder of the marauding band. The head one poured some of the dark grains into his hand, and all bent over it and gazed wrapped in mystery. One by one the thieves ventured to taste the black stuff, only to make wry faces and spit it out.

There was nothing eatable in the camp but a few cans of condensed milk, which the rascals discovered and opened with their sharp knives. They gathered in a ring around the smoldering fire, and began to make way with the pasty substance, much to the suppressed indignation of the boys.

"We shall be robbed of everything," whispered Rolla. "I've a mind to give the scamps my compliments in the shape of a shot and——"

"And lose our heads for it?" interrupted Festus. "For the sake of goodness, Rolla, don't!"

All the time the man in the crane's skin was stalking about the camp with the air of a potentate. He looked for all the world like the bird itself, and but for his lank legs that peeped out from below he would easily have been taken for the thing he represented.

"The old rascal has gone back to the powder," said Rolla. "He can't give it up."

Sure enough the can had been picked up again and the Macusis had filled one of his hands. Putting the can aside, he went over to the group by the smoldering fire and gave vent to some words which to the boys seemed a senseless jargon.

"There it goes!" exclaimed Festus. "Now——"

The sentence was broken by a terrible puff and explosion, for the Macusis had tossed the handful of powder into the fire, and the result baffles description.

The horrified natives tumbled in every direction. The fellow in the crane's skin leaped out of his mask and sprinted away at topmost speed, leaving the dress behind. The others were howling like imps, for the powder had burned their skins and singed off their eyebrows. It was a sight that brought a hearty laugh from the two orchid hunters. There was a scampering through the forest, and cries of pain and fright were heard on every side.

"It's lucky for them that the old rascal didn't empty the whole can into the fire," commented Rolla. "There would be some dead Macusis if he had. I guess after this he will leave powder cans alone, if he runs across any."

When the last savage had disappeared, the boys ventured from their perches and took an inventory of the camp's effects. Thanks to the explosion, not much had been carried off. The sudden departure of the band had prevented great theft, and the few objects missing were not of much value.

Festus and Rolla went to work to right the camp, and in a short time they had it again in good shape. But the visit of the Macusis told them that they had much to fear. There was danger of the naked rascals coming back, and the next time they might not fare so well.

"I would like to know what became of Prelie, the Indian girl," remarked Rolla, when everything had been restored to its former condition as well as it could be done. "I shall be sorry if the vengeance of the tribe overtook her."

The day passed without the return of the band of natives. The coppery men seemed satisfied with their adventure, and kept their distance. The powder, with its invisible force, had taught them a lesson they would not soon forget, and they would likely impute it to white man's magic, of which the uncivilized always have a dread.

It was midnight when Festus found himself awake. The fire had burned itself out, and the little camp was still. The brilliant stars, however, showed him his immediate surroundings, and he saw Rolla fast asleep with his rifle resting on his arm.

A footfall that suddenly fell upon his ear caused him to turn abruptly, and to his astonishment he saw the sylphlike figure of the Indian girl who had occupied his thoughts many times since her disappearance.

Festus was about to rouse Rolla in order that he might converse with the beautiful Macusis, when she tiptoed toward him and paused within a few feet of his couch. One finger was lifted to her lips, and she made a sweeping gesture with the other hand.

She seemed disappointed when she discovered that it was Festus and not Rolla whom she confronted, and her gaze wandered to the other boy imploringly.

"Do you want to see him?" asked Festus, forgetting that Spanish was the only civilized language understood by the girl.

Prelie seemed to comprehend and nodded. Festus glided to Rolla's side and touched his arm. The sleeper was wide awake in an instant.

"The girl," said Festus, pointing toward Prelie. "I can't make her understand, you know."

Rolla was on his feet and facing Prelie. Her eyes seemed to light up with pleasure the moment she saw him.

"Prelie has deceived her enemies!" she exclaimed. "She has brought the white boys the hand of Asisso."

With this the girl dived one of her hands into a feathered pouch at her side, and produced a human hand from which both Festus and Rolla recoiled with exclamations of horror.

"Asisso was following Prelie," she went on. "He was stalking her in the forest, but she hide behind a palm and touched him with one of her arrows."

"A poisoned arrow?" echoed Rolla.

"Yes, the poison of the fer-de-lance."

"I see. That serpent is the deadliest thing in these jungles," Rolla exclaimed. "So you have killed the chief who tolled us to the cave in which we nearly lost our lives? Well, you have saved us a job, girl. But we don't want the hand."

"Prelie is going to hang it before Asisso's hut," cried Prelie, with a flash in her dark eyes. "His tribe shall know that they who hunt Prelie, the Doomed, must look to themselves. Her arrows never miss."

"I trust we will never run afoul of them," said Rolla, with a shrug and a glance at Festus.

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 696 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

Free Asthma and Hay Fever Cure.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma and hay fever, in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to any one who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Go Pimples—Come Beauty

This Is What Happens When Stuart's Calcium Wafers Are Used to Cleanse the Blood of All Impurities and the Skin of Eruptions.

If you want a beautiful complexion stop using cosmetics, salves, lotions, etc. They simply plaster the pores and prevent them from doing their natural and normal duties. If you stopped up all the pores you would actually die in a few days.

"Not a Pimple or Other Skin Eruption Left—I Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

There is no sense in being longer humiliated by having to appear in public with a pimple-covered, blotched face—a face that makes strangers stare and your friends ashamed. Stuart's Calcium Wafers will drive all blemishes away and make your face a welcome instead of an unwelcome sight. You'll no longer be a slave to pimples, acne, blackheads, liver spots, boils, eczema, tetter or any skin eruption.

Nowadays, when you see a real beauty, the chances are Stuart's Calcium Wafers wrought that wonderful change. It takes only a short time, even with very bad complexions—the kind that are disfigured with rash, eczema, boils, blotches and liver spots.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers cause the skin pores to breathe out impurities. The lungs burn up a great amount, but Nature imposes upon the skin the larger burden. Every tick of the clock means work, work, work for these wonderful Wafers. And every instant new skin is forming, impurities become less and less, the pores are reinvigorated, and soon such a thing as a pimple, blackhead or any other eruption is impossible. You marvel at the change.

The soft, rosy tint love-taps the cheeks; the neck, shoulders and arms show the health of youthful skin—in fact, you just can't help having a beautiful complexion if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

They are put up in convenient form to carry with you, are very palatable, and are sold by druggists everywhere, at 50 cents a box.

We have the great Loving Cup Your own suit free and a big, regular weekly salary through the winter—that's our offer—just to get all the "live wires" pushing our famous World's Champion hand-tailored suits, pants and overcoats.

Rember, this is the genuine and only World's Champion Line. Now you're **sure of best styles, best** materials and **best** workmanship. Every suit sent on approval—express prepaid—we take all risk. It's silly to work for any house offering less.

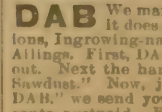
By all means, send your name and address for our brand new big Agent's Outfit--showing the swell World's Champion styles and prize winning materials. If you have no money--no experience--don't let that worry you. We'll show you how you--or any beginners--can start right out, piling up big money. Big cash profits on every sale--regular weekly salaries--free sample suits --this is worth looking into. But send nothing, just name and address, now.

Knickerbocker Tailoring Co.
Dept. 529 Chicago

CONVULSIONS

Convulsions, nervous falling spells and spasms promptly relieved by my special treatment. Testimonials on file from cases afflicted since childhood, in which my remedies were successful. Enclose this in your letter for **Free Trial Bottle. I pay expressage.** Give age and full particulars.

Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 906, Station N, New York



THIS Gold Filled Wedding Ring FREE, warranted 3 years. To introduce our bargain sheet of fine gold filled rings, we will send this ring, any size, upon receipt of 12c to help pay advertising.

The Auction Co., Dept. 7 Attleboro, Mass.

DAB We manufacture it. And here is just what it does for your Corns and Callouses, Bunions, Ingrowing-nails and for all other Ordinary foot Ailings. First, DAB takes out all soreness and keeps it out. Next the hard and calloused parts "rub off like Sawdust." Now, just to get next to you with "Our DAB," we send you a full, regular 25 cent Box for 10 cents, postpaid. Follow "Directions" for best results, but, used "any old way" you will like "Our DAB" "best of all."

DAB MFG. CO., WILLOW GROVE, PA.

The trophy of revenge was replaced in the pouch, and the girl's gaze sought the ground.

"Now, since you've come back," continued Rolla, "we want you to guide us from this terror land in which we are lost."

"But the flowers, white boy?"

"Oh, we're willing to give them up to get out of here," exclaimed Rolla. "I guess life is more valuable than all the air plants that ever dangled in the winds. We'll forego emerald hunting, too."

"Ah, the pretty stones!" cried the girl, in an outburst of pleasure. "Prelie can show white boys where they shine."

"And have our nappers taken in the end?" grinned Rolla. "No, I guess we'll go home, Prelie."

"Wait," responded the Macusis girl, suddenly bounding back into the shadows.

"She's gone again!" exclaimed Festus. "She's as elusive as a Jack-o'-lantern."

"But here she comes again," put in Rolla, and that moment Prelie was seen coming forward with something in her hands.

"What orchids!" cried Festus, with a start of admiration. "They are all 'butterflies'," and he fell to gazing at the floral treasures the girl extended.

"Where did you find these?" inquired Rolla.

The dark but perfect hand of the Macusis girl pointed away.

"The woods are full of the 'butterflies'," she exclaimed, showing her teeth with delight. "They will make white boys rich."

"To be sure they would."

"But there may be death where they grow," insisted Rolla Gray.

"How when Asisso is no more?" questioned the girl. "The forest is full of air-flowers."

Rolla turned to Festus and translated the girl's words.

"It's worth a trial," said the eager Festus. "If the girl is not deceiving us——"

"I'll vouch for Prelie," Rolla wedged in. "A dozen orchids like that one, and our fortune is made!" and he turned to the waiting girl and told her that they would accompany her to the land of the "butterflies."

Prelie smiled with satisfaction, but if the young orchid hunters could have looked into the future, they would have felt their blood run cold.

CHAPTER VIII.
IN TERRIBLE TOILS.

THE spot to which the Indian girl conducted our young adventurers proved a veritable orchid paradise. Rolla and Festus were lost in wonder at the sights that greeted their eyes. Everywhere shone the splendid air-plants, orchids of every size and hue, but above all there was the matchless butterfly species worth its weight in diamonds. It hung from the trees in every graceful attitude, swinging lazily in the soft perfumed breezes, and far brighter than the plumage of the birds to be seen among the boughs.

"This is orchid land for sure," exclaimed Festus, carried away by the scene. "One does not know where to begin, Rolla. If only our camp was here!"

"We must transfer it to this spot," was the rejoinder, and when Rolla suggested this to Prelie she nodded acquiescence.

It did not take long to pitch the little camp in the newly found spot and the boys forgot all the perils of the jungle in the prospects that opened before them.

As for the Macusis girl she was uneasy. The boys noticed that she was constantly on the watch, that nothing escaped her eye, and that wherever she went she carried her bow and its quiver of deadly arrows.

The orchid garden was a secluded little valley, fringed with high hills covered with dense timber that seemed to seek the sky. The trees were ringed with flowered creepers to their tops, and from the chatter that came down from them, Rolla and Festus knew that monkeys and apes lived in the foliage.

The day after the removal to the valley, Prelie suddenly took up her weapons and departed. She did this without so much as a good-by nod, and Rolla was perplexed.

"We'll see her again," he said, in answer to Festus's suggestion that she might have deserted them for good. "I don't believe she is going to leave us in the lurch."

It was getting dusk, and once more the night birds of the tropics were making the air musical with their varied notes. There was an ominous stillness everywhere, and the orchids had ceased to sway on the lissom boughs. Festus was in the act of climbing after one of these wonderful plants, when he uttered a cry and dropped hastily to the ground.

"What is it, Festus? Another boa?"

"Worse than that," was the reply, and Rolla landed at his companion's side.

Already Festus had seized his rifle and cocked it. His gaze was riveted on something in the tree.

"It is an Indian!" said he, scarcely above his breath.

Rolla looked up. Stretched out upon a limb like a jaguar was a human form, dark and coppery where there were no tattoo marks, and in the head glittered a pair of savage eyes.

"It is the old fellow who devoured our meal and whom we ducked for his meanness," continued Festus.

The savage did not stir, although he saw that he had been discovered, but on the contrary he seemed to hug the limb with more tenacity while he eyed the boys below.

"Come down!" commanded Festus, covering the savage with the weapon. "We will have no snakes in this Eden."

The old man twisted suddenly, and letting all holds go, dropped to the ground, where he curled up like an opossum and lay perfectly still.

"Kick him into life," cried Rolla.

"No, let him come to of his own accord," was the answer. "He is here for a purpose, and——"

At that moment there came to their ears a cry that seemed to chill them to their very bones. The hill above them appeared to swell with savage life, and fifty hideously painted forms plunged into view.

"We are lost!" rang from Rolla's throat. "We are faced by the whole devilish tribe!"

Backing a little, the boys presented their guns to the mob, which, seeing their action, halted and came together. The boys saw that they were armed with blowguns, bows, and curious spears made from the long spines of the giant palm. They were clad in war dress and presented an appearance dire enough to strike terror to the hearts of the bravest.

The weapons of the young orchid hunters held the horde at bay, but the boys knew this could not last long. Already they saw some of the savages fitting arrows to their bows, and others were lifting the blowguns to their lips.

"There's no use fighting this mob," whispered Festus. "We might kill half a dozen, but in the end we would be filled with deadly darts."

"You are right," was the low reply at his side. "We must become the prisoners of the cannibals."

The head man of the savage army now advanced, making a singular sign, and the boys watched him eagerly.

"The girl has betrayed us," said Festus.

"I cannot think it," answered Rolla. "She is under a ban herself, and would be the last person to throw us into a peril of this kind."

"Time will tell," and Festus once more turned to the savages, who were now within a few feet of them, encircling them in dead silence.

It did not take long for the boys to become captives of the Macusis.

Their weapons were taken from them with grunts of satisfaction, they were tossed rudely from man to man, until the band grew tired of the sport, and at last the boys found themselves on the ground, bound with vines as strong as ropes of steel. Resistance was in vain. Unable to move a muscle, our young friends were

WOMAN A GREAT SUFFERER

Tells How She Was Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Grayville, Ill.—"I was a great sufferer of female complaints for a year and I got nothing that helped me until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was irregular and had cramps so bad that I had to go to bed. Now I have better health than I have had for years and I cannot speak too highly of your medicine."—Mrs. JESSIE SCHAAR, 413 Main St., Grayville, Ill.

Case of Mrs. Tully.

Chicago, Ill.—"I take pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with such awful periodic pains, and had a displacement, and received no benefit from the doctors. I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am now as well as ever."—Mrs. WILLIAM TULLY, 2052 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

CURED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 810 Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last. Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
129 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE

With 150 Views.

This wonderful improved Moving Picture Machine, with 4 films, having over 150 views, All Given Free, for selling 24 packages of BLUINE at 10c each. Get this marvelous Machine and earn plenty of money. Write for BLUINE. When sold return $2.40 and we send Moving Picture Machine and films with 150 views.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 919 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass.

FREE FOOTBALL

BOYS! This Regulation Size FOOTBALL

Made of leather, strongly sewed and canvas lined, fitted with strong rubber bladder, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, given free for selling only 24 packages of BLUINE at 10c. each. Write for BLUINE today. When sold send us $2.40 and we will send football at once.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 920 Mill St., Concord Junct., Mass.

LIFE SIZE 2½ Ft. HIGH **DOLL FREE**

Handsome, unbreakable, life-size, cloth doll, big as a baby, can wear baby clothes. Pretty face with pink cheeks, red lips, bright eyes and blonde head. This lovely great doll can be dressed and undressed and put to bed just like a real baby. Given for selling 12 packages BLUINE at 10 cents each. Write for BLUINE.

BLUINE MFG. CO.
916 Mill Street, Concord Jct., Mass.

Cowboy Outfit FREE

COWBOYS SUITS, genuine Cowboy style, firm, strong khaki, long, loose Cowboy trousers, real Cowboy shirt, open at neck; neck handkerchief, wide brimmed slouch hat and lariat. Suits can be slipped on over other clothes. We have Cowgirls' suits, waist, skirt and hat. We give a suit complete for selling only 24 packages Bluine at 10 cts. each. Write for them. When sold return $2.40 and we send complete Cowboy outfit.

BLUINE MFG. CO.,
921 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

HAMILTON RIFLE FREE

Given for selling 30 packages Bluine at 10c each. Write for Bluine. Genuine Lever Action Rifle, shoots long or short 22 calibre cartridges. Gun metal barrel, steel frame, regulation sights, automatic shell extractor.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 917 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass

This **Stem Wind WATCH AND RING FREE**

American Watch, guaranteed 5 years, case Solid Composition Gilt Metal, looks and wears like gold, also Ring, with Sparkling Gem. BOTH FREE for selling 20 packages BLUINE at 10c ea. Write for them.
BLUINE MFG. CO
918 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

TWO PAIR LACE CURTAINS FREE

Large, beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains, 2½ yds. long, elegant patterns, handsome, wide borders, firm, well-finished edge. Suitable for parlor, sitting room or chamber. Write for 24 packages BLUINE, to sell at 10c a package. When sold return $2.40 and we send TWO PAIR of these handsome curtains.

BLUINE MFG. CO.,
922 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

SIGNET BRACELET AND RING FREE

Genuine Gold plated, Bracelet 7 in. long, hand-chased, heavy signet medallion; also a handsome ring. Both Given for selling 12 packages Bluine at 10 cts. each.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 912 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

for selling 12 packages Bluine at 10 cts. each. Rifle first class in every way. When sold return our $1.20 and we send rifle.
Bluine Mfg. Co., 914 Mill St., Concord Jct. Mass.

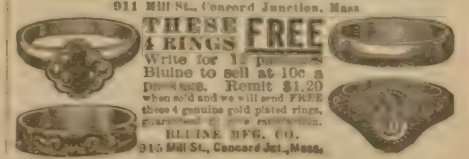
CAMERA & PHOTO FRAME FREE

We give Camera, 2 packages plates, developing outfit, instructions and handsome photo brooch frame FREE for selling 12 packages Bluine at 10 cents each. You can earn money making photo brooches with this. Write for goods.
BLUINE MFG. CO.,
911 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass

Handsome Bracelet FREE

Full size, rich gold plate, beautiful polish, latest design. Given for selling 12 pckgs. Bluine at 10c ea. Write for Bluine.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 913 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

THESE 4 RINGS FREE



Write for 12 packages Bluine to sell at 10c a package. Remit $1.20 when sold and we will send FREE these 4 genuine gold plated rings, guaranteed [illegible]
BLUINE MFG. CO.
915 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

FREE 2 Full Qts. Riley's Flag Staff Whiskey

To introduce our Celebrated PRAIRIE ROSE and Famous FLAG STAFF WHISKIES to the readers of the Ledger, we will give, for a limited time, FREE OF CHARGE, 2 FULL QUARTS of the FLAG STAFF with a shipment of 1 gallon of PRAIRIE ROSE (in glass jug or full quart bottles as preferred). The price of the PRAIRIE ROSE is $3.60 per gallon. The price of the FLAG STAFF is $1.50 per quart.

THIS IS OUR OFFER

4 Full Quarts (128 ounces) RILEY'S PRAIRIE ROSE $3.60

2 Full Quarts (64 ounces) RILEY'S FLAG STAFF (Worth $3) FREE

Express Charges Prepaid

We will ship the above offer with the understanding that if the whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory, after you have tried it, you may return same at our expense, and your money will be refunded. Reference, Stock Yards National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.

Order at once, as this offer will be open only a short time. Cut out and return this ad with order. Send remittance to W. R. Riley, or

W. R. RILEY, DIST'G. COMPANY,
Station "A" Department I Kansas City, Mo.

FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

SUGAR
75 lbs. $1.00

Best granulated cane, if ordered with $50 worth of our other groceries, or 35 lbs. for $1 if with a $10 grocery order; Toilet Soap, worth 25c, only 11c for 3 large cakes; 12 bars best 5c Naptha Soap, 35c; 3 cans Baked Beans with pork, 23c; 60c Tea, 39c; 40c Baking Powder, 17c and

10,000 Other Big Bargains

sold by us direct by mail to consumers at wonderful price reductions. You save middlemen's profits, losses and expenses. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. **GROCERY BARGAIN LIST FREE. Send NOW.**

It's free—just send a postal. Chock full of money-saving bargain offers. Let us show you how to cut your grocery bills one-third. Write **now. Send for Big Grocery Bargain List TODAY.**

W. & H. Walker, 5017 Herr's Island Pittsburgh, Pa.

$10. A Day FOR YOUR SPARE TIME
AGENTS WANTED

Hundreds of our agents are making **$10 a day** in their spare time. Many are beating that and are getting their own **clothes Free.** We are dead sure **you** can do it. Such a thing as failure is utterly impossible with our new and complete outfit which we send by express—**all charges prepaid.** Our fine line of stylish, well made, carefully finished clothes, guaranteed fit—**beats everything** ever offered. Lowest prices. **Our Outfit** is magnificent—our styles and fashions simply wonderful. Strong selling plans that **bring the orders** and **Big Money for** you every week, in hard cash.

Pants **$3.00 UP** ***Suits*** **$9.00 UP**

Can you beat it? Be a PROGRESS agent. *Earn $5 to $10 a day in your spare time* while doing other work. Send no money. Everything is *FREE.* No experience necessary. Get the Outfit, order blanks, stationery, tape line and everything necessary to start you in a *Big Money Making Business* of your own. Write today. Be ready for the largest Fall business ever known. Land the early orders in bunches.

Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 1050, Chicago

Edwards' Big Offer on STEEL Shingles

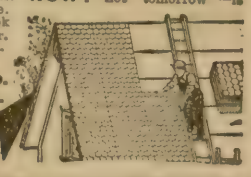
FACTORY PRICES **Freight Prepaid To Your Station**

Write a postal today for the greatest offer ever made on the famous Edwards Steel Shingles. Cheaper than wood—four times as durable—ten times easier to lay.

Never rot, rust, leak or burn.

$10,000 Indemnity Bond against lightning loss. Steel Shingles come in sheets of 100 or more. Nail on sheathing or over old roofs in double-quick time. Patent Interlocking Device makes tight joints. **NOW!**—not "tomorrow"—is the time to investigate.

Send postal for Free Book No. 10352 and Big Offer. Give size of roof, if possible.



The Edwards Mfg. Co. 10352 Lock St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Diabetes

Simple Herb Quickly Relieves This Dread Disease.

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict diet.

A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetel Herb has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigor and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy should relieve the patient of his worst symptoms, in the most aggravated cases, within a week, and to prove it, we will mail the first 50c package for 25c, with free booklet of special values to the diabetic, containing latest diet lists and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer and send 25c today for a full-sized 50c package. AMES CHEMICAL CO., 12-K Whitney Point, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN

Prepare as **Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen, Train Porters** (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. **500 More Wanted.** Enclose stamp for Application Blank and Book. State position.

I. Railway C. I., No. A Indianapolis, Ind.

RHEUMATISM Any one in need of a quick, sure way to get rid of Rheumatism, should write "Salvar" 1806 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

compelled to witness the looting of their camp, and they noticed that the Indians avoided the powder can as though it contained deadly poison.

Presently some of the captors cut two long poles, to which the boys were lashed like pigs, and in this manner, with the poles on the bare shoulders of the stoutest of the band, they were borne from the scene of their misfortune. Under other circumstances the boys would have laughed at their predicament, but each inwardly confessed that it was no laughing matter, and kept silent as the mob tramped through the forest, evidently proud of its exploit.

The shadows deepened until night came, and all at once from a hill the boys looked down upon a hundred little fires which they supposed glowed in the native village. A wild shout announced the return of the war party, and at last the boys, found themselves in the heart of a Macusis village of half a hundred huts.

The whole village turned out to greet them. Men, women, and children vied with one another to welcome the party with shouts of triumph, and torches flashed in the boys' faces until they were nearly blinded. Gaunt dogs that looked like wolves snarled about them, and now and then were kicked away before they could fasten their teeth in the captives' flesh.

One old hag of hideous aspect broke through the crowd and threw her arms about Rolla's neck, to the boy's disgust, and another performed the same service to Festus.

"What if we are to be adopted by these hags?" cried Rolla, with a glance at his companion.

"Better death," was the doleful reply.

A dispute now arose between some of the Indians. The old hags were kicked aside and went off grumbling, but soon returned and filled the air with savage appeals of some kind.

The boys were taken to a hut in the center of the village and thrown upon the ground. By and by a dish of some sort of native food was offered them, but they turned away in disgust, for they saw in it the scales of a serpent.

"Snake soup is not to my notion," remarked Festus, with a shrug of his shoulder. "I haven't forgotten our farewell supper at Delmonico's."

Despite the situation Rolla could not suppress a smile at this observation.

"Maybe we'll get something better by and by," he said, whereat Festus remained silent.

Sleep, under the circumstances, was out of the question. The young orchid hunters knew that their fate was trembling in the balance, and they dared not close their eyes. They had been deprived of every weapon, and were in the midst of the most savage tribe that infests the forests of Colombia. Dogs growled about the hut, and now and then they heard a gibber of voices outside.

Suddenly these sounds changed.

There was a patter of feet away from the hut, and ten minutes later the door of matted palms was opened, and the boys beheld a dark face confronting them.

"Ho!" cried a voice, in pure Spanish. "Where did you come from, Americanos?"

"Captain Cinnabar!" exclaimed the boys, in one breath.

Once more they were face to face with the man who had led the expedition into the forest in search of orchids, the man who had basely deserted them after having been paid to see that no harm should befall them.

Festus' indignation flashed up like powder.

"If you hadn't left us, Captain Cinnabar," said he," we would not now be in this deathtrap."

The man turned away with a shrug.

"No help from that wretch," hissed Rolla. "He is hand-in-glove with these wolves of the tropics."

"Yes, and it's a pity Prelie's arrow didn't find him instead of Asisso!" cried Festus, as hope sank in his bosom.

CHAPTER IX.
SAVAGE FURY.

THE young orchid hunters had nothing to do but to wait for the doom that seemingly impended. The presence of the adventurer, Captain Cinnabar, in the village of the Macusis told them that he was really hand-in-glove with the savages, and they now saw through his former friendship.

When he was hired by Rolla's uncle to take charge of the orchid expedition, he promised to fulfil his part of the contract. but no sooner had our young friends reached the land of the air-plants than they began to suspect the man. It was then too late to throw him overboard, and the climax came when he de-

He stopped within a few feet of the captive beast.

serted taking with him every native connected with the service.

For some time after Captain Cinnabar left the hut, after looking in upon the prisoners, nothing of moment occurred. Festus and Rolla talked of the man's sudden appearance, agreeing that he was a double-dyed villain who would not hesitate to stand by and see them killed by the cannibals.

"I am not going to give up," suddenly exclaimed Rolla. "There is little to hope for from the Indians, but don't forget that both Prelie and the boy Maco are still at large."

"If Prelie is under a ban, she dare not enter the village, and as for Maco, he may be no better than his kind, after all, even though he did do me a favor during my former captivity."

Festus had scarcely concluded, when a loud shout reverberated through the village, and the boys sprang up and bounded to the door of the hut.

There was new excitement in the village. Everybody was running in a certain direction, some uttering strange cries, other gesticulating in different ways, but all focusing at a given point.

"More captives, perhaps," said Rolla.

"I cannot make out what it all means," was the reply. "Ah, I see. They are bringing in a live jaguar."

By the light of many torches that threw a lurid gleam over the village, the boys saw the cause of the commotion. Twenty natives were dragging forward by means of ropes a large jaguar, which had been caught in one of the animal pits set for that ferocious beast in the forest. The brute was by no means subdued, for he snapped whenever one of his captors came near, and a venturesome dog was clawed to death in a moment, much to the amusement of the howling crowd.

In a little while the beast was thrown to the ground in the middle of the

Get Your Canadian Home From the Canadian Pacific

The Home Maker

WE will make you a long-time loan—you will have 20 years to pay for the land and repay the loan—you can move on the land at once—and your Canadian farm will *make you independent.*

20 Years to Pay

Rich Canadian land for from $11 to $30 per acre. You pay only one-twentieth down—balance in 19 equal annual payments. Long before your final payment comes due your farm will have paid for itself over and over. This advertisement is directed only to farmers or to men who will occupy or improve the land.

We Lend You $2000

for erecting your buildings, fencing, sinking well and breaking. You have twenty years in which to repay this loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

Advance of Live Stock on Loan Basis

The Company, in case of approved land purchaser who is in a position and has the knowledge to take care of his stock, will advance cattle sheep and hogs up to the value of $1,000 on a loan basis, so as to enable the settler to get started from the first on the right basis of mixed farming. If you do not want to wait until you can complete your own buildings and cultivate your farm, select one of our Ready-Made farms—developed by C. P. R. Agricultural Experts—with buildings complete, land cultivated and in crop, and pay for it in 20 years. We give the valuable assistance of great demonstration farms—free.

This Great Offer Based On Good Land

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps. Write today.

Z. C. THORNTON, *Colonization Agent*

Canadian Pacific Railway
Colonization Department
112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning openings.

Guaranteed Rupture Holder On 60 Days Trial

Won't Cost You A Cent If The Two Months Test Doesn't Prove All Our Claims

You can make a thorough 60 day test of this guaranteed rupture holder without having to risk a single cent. We'll make one especially for your case and let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.

AWAY WITH LEG-STRAP AND SPRING TRUSSES.

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of **good** enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why druggists should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City.

A LETTER

or visit to Dr. Rowe, will put you in touch with his latest methods of treating **Nervous and Chronic Diseases.** He is considered to be the most successful specialist in the country in treating those diseases.

Every afflicted man should have his latest book. It accurately describes each disease and contains just the information desired. Postage, 4c. The time is near at hand when **no man afflicted with certain diseases can obtain a marriage license.** Write today.

Dr. Rowe, 110 N. Pearl St., (M) Buffalo, N. Y.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. **Loads of fun.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents.

Double Throat Co. Dpt. D Frenchtown, N. J.

$40 **MOTORCYCLE**

have the largest line of new and motorcycles and supplies in the at the lowest prices. machine guaranteed. Send catalog. We handle repairs any motorcycle. Send us machines to be overhauled. We nail castings for storage and webs pliers. We exchange motor

HARRY R. GEEB Co., 900 McLaran Ave., St. Louis, Missouri

MENDING TISSUE

The Wonder of the age. No sewing darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

square, and the Macusis fell back, taunting him in their language, and pelting him with sticks and stones to increase his fury. All this was observable from the hut where the boys were confined, and most exciting it was.

"I don't see our old rascal, Captain Cinnabar," remarked Festus. "Perhaps he is keeping in the background for a purpose."

The reason Festus did not recognize the Spaniard was because he had discarded his civilized garb for native costume, and, painted and feathered like a chief, he was in the midst of the mob, egging the jaguar on to madness.

All at once a tall figure loomed up between the hut and the forest plaza. The door was thrown open and a head thrust inside The orchid hunters fell back. The head was almost instantly withdrawn, and a shout cut the air. Several savages left the crowd and ran to the hut. In another minute they had seized the young adventurers and pulled them forward.

"Don't lose your nerve," said Rolla to his companion. "Show these copper fiends that American blood runs in our veins."

"That I shall," cried Festus. "Don't think for a moment, Rolla, that I intend to play coward."

A chorus of yells greeted the boys when they were on the fringe of the mob. They were thrust forward by strong arms until they were almost in the writhing jaguar's grip, and as suddenly jerked back amid shouts of savage laughter. The poor beast was tantalized until he was nearly exhausted, when little arrows were shot into his sides to give new pain, after which his fury returned.

Suddenly there came from a part of the village a chief who was hideously adorned in the most savage manner. He was tattooed from head to foot, and wore nothing but a loin cloth. His head was surmounted by parrot feathers, and about his neck were several necklaces of human teeth. In one hand he carried a two-pointed spear, and in the other a small drum-like instrument, upon the head of which he struck with the butt of the spear making an uncanny noise.

The boys were right when they took this individual for the magic doctor of the tribe. He danced his way forward, executing the most ludicrous movements, and the natives, following each one of them, applauded by clapping their hands.

So grotesque was the appearance of the witch doctor that even the jaguar stared dumbly at him. He stopped within a few feet of the captive beast, and began to perform some incantations, at the same time sending up a gibbering chant that was all Greek to the boys. dropped to the ground in a sort of trance, during which a dead silence reigned.

"What will the old impostor do next?" Then the old scamp suddenly ceased, and whispered Festus.

Rolla shook his head. The magician came out of his well-assumed stupor and got upon his feet. Then for the first time he appeared to take notice of the young captives.

In another moment he was dancing about them like one bewitched, throwing his spear into the air and deftly catching it as it descended. All the time he was making the night hideous with his outlandish chant.

The old fakir did not stop for ten minutes, when he made a motion toward the jaguar, and Festus and Rolla were seized and pushed toward the beast. The crowd drew back, forming a living circle, with the jaguar in the center. The ropes still held the animal in leash, but the sudden flashing of a dozen long knives prepared the boys for something exciting. It was evident that all this play would end in the boys' being thrown to the jaguar, and they nerved themselves for the terrible ordeal.

The torturing of the beast had lashed him to the height of fury, his eyes seemed balls of fire, and his tail swept from side to side in rapid motions.

All at once a giant in copper caught Festus and swung him above his head. Another giant seized Rolla, at the same moment, and held him aloft. Several of the ropes were now cut to give the jaguar more play, and the maddened terror of the tropics crouched in anticipation of his prey.

The look which the boys exchanged at that moment was one of utter hopelessness. Before them crouched the waiting beast, watching them with fiery eyes and every nerve a-tingle. In another second they would be in the clutches of the jungle's monarch.

But all at once amid the stillness came the hiss of an arrow, so small that no one saw it, and the jaguar reeled back and sprang erect with the feathered barb in his sleek skin. The unexpected shot caused every one to turn amazed. Festus and Rolla were lowered to the ground, but the hands that gripped them did not relax their hold.

"The girl! the girl!" yelled twenty savages, in their native lingo, and the rest took up the cry.

There was a break in the crowd, the wildest cries rent the air, which trembled with the sound, and the swiftest Indians darted toward the nearest hills. The thunderstruck boys could only conjecture what it all meant, and they stared at the racers, who vanished beyond the glare of the torches. The jaguar was already dead, so true had been the startling shot, and the dogs which had feared to venture near his terrible claws now pounced upon the carcass and fought for it madly.

The whole village had been thrown into confusion by this unexpected turn of affairs. One by one the runners returned empty-handed. The person who had delivered the deadly arrow had escaped, and was apparently beyond reach of capture.

"It's only a breathing spell," said Rolla, in low tones, to his fellow orchid hunter.

"Well, even that is something," responded Festus.

A noisy debate now took place. There was a division of sentiment; it was evident that some of the Macusis were for killing the boys at once, whilst others seemed to plead for delay until a fresh jaguar could be secured, and the situation was thrilling.

"Back we go for more misery," said Festus, when they were at last being hustled toward the prison hut, and then as he noticed his comrade's doleful countenance he added playfully: "When are you going to market your butterfly orchids, Rolla?"

"When I get out of this scrape!" was the reply, in the same grim humor, and a minute later they were pitched into the old shack and left amid its darkness.

The conclusion of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE

"Are you sure you haven't forgotten anything, dear?" called Phoebe's mother as Phoebe, clad all in dainty white and with a pleasantly jingling vanity set dangling from her wrist, opened the front door on her way to Antoinette's party.

Phoebe's tone held volumes of wounded dignity as she replied coldly: "I certainly haven't!" Then Phoebe came very near slamming the door behind her.

It was irritating to be marked forever as absent-minded just because of a few little slips of memory in the past. They weren't such very bad slips, either. Of course, it was rather embarrassing that time she had gone to the Richardson's reception in her new lavender gown but with an old pair of red satin dancing slippers on her feet. However, it wasn't anything so terrible if one did occasionally forget one's belt and go away from home with a row of glistening safety pins bristling about one's waist; or if one forgot one's theater tickets and had to take a taxi to go back for them; or if one left a package of freshly cleaned white kid gloves in the street car.

Everybody is likely to forget once in a while. Even Phoebe's brother Jack forgot things. Phoebe sniffed indignantly. He needn't have been so furious because she forgot and congratulated Billy Weatherton on his engagement after it had been broken off.

Phoebe pouted. She had a most provoking family.

Her bad humor soon wore off, however, for it was a beautiful day, and she was sure that she had remembered everything. Her white shoes and gloves were immaculate. Her belt was irreproachable. A freshly ironed handkerchief reposed in the pocket of her coat. She had even remembered to bring powder. As she stood on the corner waiting for the car she surreptitiously whisked her puff out of its tiny silver box at her wrist and dusted her nose. Then she polished off that feature with the aid of the small mirror, which habitually clanked against the powder box.

When the car came bumping along Phoebe boarded it and sat down, happily conscious of the admiring glances which she was receiving from the row of rather dull-eyed folk opposite her.

A huge conductor came and held out a massive palm for her fare. Phoebe daintily chose the fat little coin box from the jumble of her vanity set and daintily opened it. She gazed into it for one blank moment. Then, flushing rosy red, she looked appealingly at the conductor.

The conductor was a brute.

"What's the matter?" he asked loudly.

"Ain't yuh got no money?"

The dull-eyed folk sat up interestedly. A great lump came into Phoebe's throat and she shook her head, a pretty picture of distress. The conductor was not only a brute, but a hardened brute.

"Well, whatcha goin' to do about it?" he demanded.

Phoebe really hadn't an idea what she was going to do. But a courtly old gentleman at the opposite side of the car saved her from saying so. He arose and proffered a shiny nickel to the conductor.

"Oh, you musn't," protested Phoebe—but very faintly, for she was already many blocks from home and she didn't want to miss Antoinette's party. The old gentleman bowed pompously and assured Phoebe that it was a pleasure, and that he would be delighted to have some one else do the same thing for his own daughters—if he had any. So Phoebe submitted prettily and took a transfer from the conductor with a queenly magnanimity.

The good folk, no longer dull-eyed, were grinning joyously. Phoebe was terribly humiliated. For a moment she sat humbled; then a sudden desire to right herself in the eyes of the world made her lean toward the old gentleman.

"I'll send your money back to you," she said. "Please give me your name and address." Then she selected a memorandum tablet and a pencil from her vanity set.

"It's nothing," protested the courteous old gentleman. "Pray don't think of it."

"Please!" said Phoebe. So he gave in, as people always did when Phoebe said "Please!"

But when Phoebe came to write his name there proved to be no lead in her silver pencil. The courteous old gentleman searched his pockets, but could find nothing except a fountain pen without any ink in it. The good folk on the car grinned more broadly than ever. Some of them even snickered audibly when Phoebe was forced to borrow a writing implement from a crabbed old gentleman. He gave her his long, new, shiny yellow pencil with evident suspicion. Phoebe scribbled down the name of the courteous old gentleman rapidly. As she finished the car stopped with a lurch.

"Mercy!" said Phoebe. "This is where I change cars."

Thanking the courteous old gentleman hurriedly, she got off the car just as it was starting to move. The crabbed old gentleman got off too. He came up to where Phoebe was waiting for another car and trying to compose her ruffled feelings.

"My pencil, please," he said, sharply.

Phoebe stared at him blankly for an instant. Then she gasped.

"Goodness me!" said Phoebe. "I gave your pencil to the other man!"

This is the winter of discontent for the ice man, who can't sleep for calculating the coal man's profits.

Resinol a household ointment

The same soothing, healing, antiseptic properties that make Resinol Ointment so effective for skin eruptions, also make it the ideal household remedy for

Burns	Boils	Pimples
Cuts	Ulcers	Blackheads
Wounds	Felons	Piles
Sores	Chafings	Irritations

And a score of other troubles which constantly arise in every home, especially where there are children. That is why Resinol Ointment should be on *your* medicine shelf, ready for instant use.

***Every* druggist sells it**

Prescribed by doctors for 15 years. All druggists sell Resinol, but for generous sample, and a miniature cake of Resinol Soap, write to Dept. F Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.

SAVE ½ ON JEWELRY

Buy direct from manufacturer. Save middleman's profit. Immense catalog Free. Send 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. Special offer: Genuine Arabian Diamond Stud or Pin (Retails at $1) sent with catalog Free. Fenn Comings Co. 205 Lowell Bldg. Chicago

DETECTIVE WORK Taught By Detectives Write Dept. U and We'll Tell You About It In a Correspondence Course DAVIS-HOUGLAND DETECTIVE SERVICE CO. EVANSVILLE, IND.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR or MORPHINE

Habits Easily CURED. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets will cure any case in from ten to thirty days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, can be given secretly in tea or coffee. Particulars sent sealed FREE. The Ohio Chemical Works. Box 514 Swanton, Ohio.

TRICKS OURS ARE THE FINEST Samples and Catalogs 65c. **FREE**

GILBERT NOV. CO., 11128 Crescent, Morgan Park Sta., Chicago

HEIRS

A Fortune Knocking at Your Door.

UNCLAIMED WEALTH.

Heirs Wanted at Once.
This May Mean YOU.

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are Rich and don't know it. Our 400 page cloth bound book, entitled: NEXT OF KIN, contains authentic lists of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised in America and abroad to claim fortunes. There are thousands of names in this book. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland list. Your ancestors' name may be among them. We want every family in the U. S. and Canada to have this book. Send $1.00 to cover cost compiling this 400 page book and we will mail it to you at once, postpaid, or, send two cents in postage for circular.

W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

I Want Every Woman to Know

that she can open a **charge account** with my house. And I want to tell you that I have just moved our entire great establishment of Women's Wearing Apparel into our spacious, new, all-daylight building.

Free Style Book

200,000 Women Wrote For This Fashion Guide Last Month

It shows all of the latest styles from the great fashion centers. Don't let anything hinder you from writing immediately for your copy of this wonderful book.

Half A Million Women

are now buying their clothes on my National Open Charge Account Plan—*with long liberal credit.* My binding Money-back Guarantee and Free Examination privilege protect you on every article you buy.

Only $1 down, balance 65c a month. This elegant tailored dress skirt of newest Pinhead Check Mixture effect. Colors: brown mixture or grey mixture. Mannish waist of smart black & white striped flannel goods and new figure-fitting petticoat of Bernadine—a good quality cotton fabric resembling silk; black only.

Long Liberal Credit

Remember I ship everything subject to your approval and all charges are prepaid. I extend long liberal credit to all. My prices are low and quality of goods the best.

Send today for my Big Book of wonderful values in **Women's and Children's Made-to-Measure Suits, Cloaks, Dresses, Skirts, Waists, Petticoats, Dress and Street Hats, Shoes, Hosiery, Undermuslins, Gloves, Furs.**

Be sure to write for our new Fall and Winter Catalog of Men's Wear

I open a charge account with every reliable family, giving the lowest prices to all and **long liberal credit.** Write me today. BERNARD MAYER, *Pres.*

Bernard Mayer Co., 3917 Gage Street, Chicago, Ill.

What I have done -You can do

I have made money selling stylish, Ryan Bros. made-to-measure clothes. **So can you.** I will tell you how. Your spare time is all you need. And each spare hour **should net you $5.00 easily.** No experience necessary. Furthermore, I'll send you my latest, most stylish Ryan Bros. suit, made to **your** measure by our master Chicago tailors. This is no ordinary suit. It is a **beauty**—one you cannot beat anywhere for **style, class** and **fit.** It is a year ahead of anything you can buy in **your** town at **any** price. All I want you to do for me is to wear this swell suit so your friends can see it. Just send me your name and address on a postal. Then I'll send you the **free outfit and full particulars.** This won't cost you one cent. I even pay the express. I will pay **everything** so as to get you started.

A. B. RYAN, Mgr.

RYAN BROS., TAILORS, 997 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

Natureform Extension Shoe

OLD NEW

Lame People need my Natureform Extension Shoe. Makes both feet look alike. Ready made shoes worn. Stylish, comfortable and secure. Thousands of pleased wearers *Write for Booklet.* A. P. SINN, 748 Bergen Street, Newark, N. J.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 304 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WOMAN'S RELIEF found in catalog of "HEALTH SECRETS" Remedies, Books, Elastic & Toilet Necessities. Send 2c stamp. Northern Spec. Co., 26A Milwaukee, Wis.

I SMASH The Terms

30 Days' Free Trial
—No Money Down—
Express Prepaid in Advance by Me

That's the way I smash terms. That's the reason why I am doing the greatest credit watch and jewelry business. I am "Square Deal" Miller and I trust the people.

I do business on your terms, send you what **you** want. Suppose it is a watch. I have it for you, **no money down,** express prepaid by me, and a full month to carry it in your pocket. **That's the test that tells.** All these watches

Guaranteed 25 Years
Now for Business

Send me your name and address and I will send you my

Costly Catalog FREE

I want you to have our catalog. It is a gem, it illustrates all kinds of valuable watches, diamonds and jewelry on the easiest and most liberal terms ever offered.

You Take no Chance My terms are made to suit your convenience. I assume all the risk, you are the sole judge of value and quality. I prepay the charges, trust you, give you the easiest, best and squarest terms and live up to my title as "Square Deal" Miller. Write for this catalog today and get a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start.

"Square Deal" MILLER, Pres.
MILLER-HOEFER CO., 206 Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

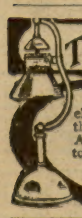
FREE booklet—how to master the AUTO TRADE—spare times—at home. Let us start you as a CHAUFFEUR OR MECHANICIAN—we've started hundreds. SEND NOW for PROOFS & FREE BOOK. DYKE'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Box 8

A NEW IDEA OF TEACHING BY MAIL WITH DYKE'S WORKING MODELS CHARTS, MANIKINS, ETC. Roe Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SONG POEMS WANTED BIG MONEY IN SUCCESSFUL SONGS. NEW PLAN. PUBLICATION GUARANTEED IF ACCEPTED. SEND US YOUR POEMS OR MELODIES. HAYWORTH'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE AND ILLUS. BOOK FREE. WRITE US TODAY. HAYWORTH MUSIC PUB. CO., 8550, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED

The "BEST" LIGHT



Safe, powerful, brilliant, steady and cheap—five reasons why you should replace expensive electricity, unpleasant oil, and wasteful gas with the most efficient of all lights—the "Best" light. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalog today showing over 200 different styles.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
423 East 5th St., Canton, O.

Be Your OWN BOSS
AGENTS EARN BIG MONEY
selling **Golden Rule** genuine hand forged English Razor Steel Knives. We will put any photo or lodge emblem on one side of the transparent handle, and name and address on the other. We have a complete, fully guaranteed line of knives, razors, strops and cutlery specialties. Quick sales. Big profits. Experience unnecessary. Write today for catalog and terms.

Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 552 W. Lake St., Dept. 89 Chicago

FOR SEWING LEATHER
The Speedy Stitcher is the latest and best of anything ever offered for $1.00.

Agents make over 200% profits.
Send at once for catalog and terms.
Automatic Awl Co. 48 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

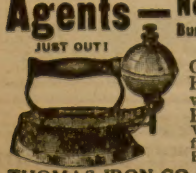
AGENTS HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS GOODS. Carleton made $8.00 one afternoon. Mrs. Bosworth $25.00 in two days **$10 a day** FREE SAMPLES. Credit. Stamp brings particulars. FREEPORT MFG. CO., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WATER POURS OUT **AGENTS** $35 TO $75 A WEEK INCOME. New invention. Scrubs, takes up water. No wringing, no cloths, less work. Big sales—big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today. Special terms. PIRRUNG MFG. CO., Dept. 288, Chicago, Ill.

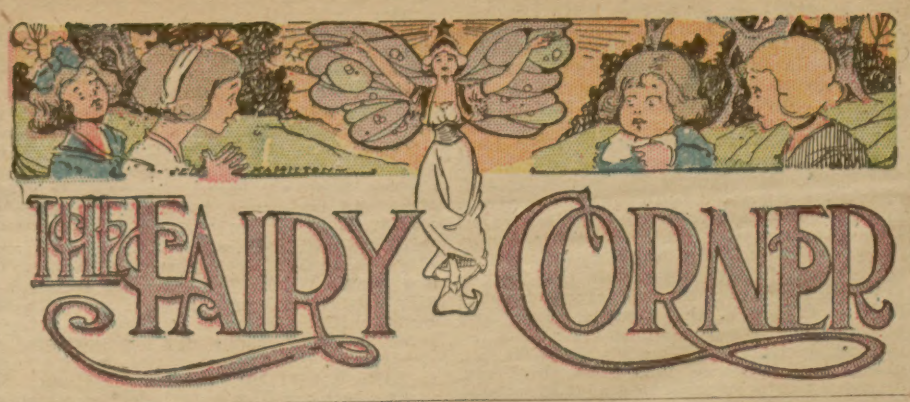
ANY PERSON Can make $25.00 to $60.00 weekly all or spare time with wonderful WHITE FLAME BURNER. Sells like wild fire. 6 to 8 in every home. USERS DELIGHTED. 35c stamps or coin gets complete sample and particulars. Satisfaction or money back. Exclusive Territory.
WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO., 200 Clark Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

NECKTIE Proposition for Holiday trade. Beautiful premium to each customer. Ladies or gentlemen make $40 a week from now until Christmas. Outfit free to workers. Be first in your neighborhood. H. WILSON MFG. CO., Lancaster, O.

Agents — New Self-Heating Iron
JUST OUT! Burns KEROSENE (Coal Oil) Absolutely Safe



Odorless — Cheapest Fuel Known. Women everywhere want a Kerosene Iron. Low Price Means Quick Sales. Write quick for terms. Big profits. Your territory is open. FREE SAMPLE to Workers.
THOMAS IRON CO., 117 Lane St., Dayton, O.



AN ELOPEMENT.

Lady Adelaide was the most precious doll that had ever come to live with Dot. She had been born in Paris, and when Aunt Addie found her over there in the Bon Marche, the big department store, she seemed quite willing to come to America—but she must bring along an elaborate wardrobe. In fact, her wardrobe was so elaborate that Aunt Addie was quite fearful that the customs officers would accuse her of trying to smuggle. Fortunately all went well, and not even Lady Adelaide's jewels—a whole boxful of them—were subject to duty.

Dot had beautiful times every day dressing and undressing Lady Adelaide. Sometimes she appeared as a little girl and sometimes as a wonderful lady of society, but in whatever way she was dressed she was the apple of Dot's eye and was loved more than all the other dolls put together.

It is to be supposed that Lady Adelaide returned Mother Dot's affection, but she was such a flirtatious doll that you never could tell. She had what Dot called "flirty eyes," with long black eyelashes that moved as she opened and shut her eyes.

Every night Lady Adelaide was carefully put to bed, and her clothes were folded neatly and laid away in a safe place.

One afternoon Dot said to Lady Adelaide: "I'm sorry to put you to bed so soon, my dear, but I am going out to Mrs. Johnston's house to tea, and as it will be dark when I get back I shall have to put you to bed before I go. You won't mind, will you?"

Just as Dot had begun to undress Lady Adelaide to the tune of a lively hand-organ outside the window, mother called her to come try on a new dress; so, leaving Lady Adelaide in the armchair, Dot ran quickly to the sewing-room.

Certainly Lady Adelaide could not have planned anything wrong, but certain it is that the minute Dot's back was turned something astonishing happened. There was a little squeak above Lady Adelaide's head which made her jump a bit, for, like most ladies, she was much afraid of mice. But it was no mouse that she saw. It was an almost human little head on an almost human little body. As she looked two bright eyes gazed into her eyes and a little hand reached down and patted her head.

When Dot ran back to see Lady Adelaide safe in bed the big chair was empty and Lady Adelaide was nowhere to be seen. Not even a sound was heard, except the music from the hand-organ man in the street. Dot was frightened. Where could her beloved doll be? Had she fallen out of the window?

Dot looked out. No sign of Lady Adelaide. But there was an Italian organ grinder, and he was waving frantically to Dot and saying: "Give me ze money—give me ze money."

"No, I haven't any money," said Dot, but that seemed to anger the man and he rang the doorbell.

Fortunately Mr. Jackson had just come home, and he understood what the organ grinder wanted.

"He says he wants his monkey," explained Mr. Jackson, "that his monkey climbed in the window and disappeared. Have you got him, Dorothy?"

"Indeed I haven't!" cried Dorothy, "but I suspect he has stolen Lady Adelaide; she has gone, too."

"Ah—I wonder," said Mr. Jackson, slowly, "if they could have eloped!"

"Eloped!" gasped Dorothy.

"Yes—or perhaps the monkey abducted the doll—kidnaped her."

"Lady Adelaide is not a kid," said Dorothy. "She's a real beauty from Paris."

"Then," said her father, "it is a clear case of elopement."

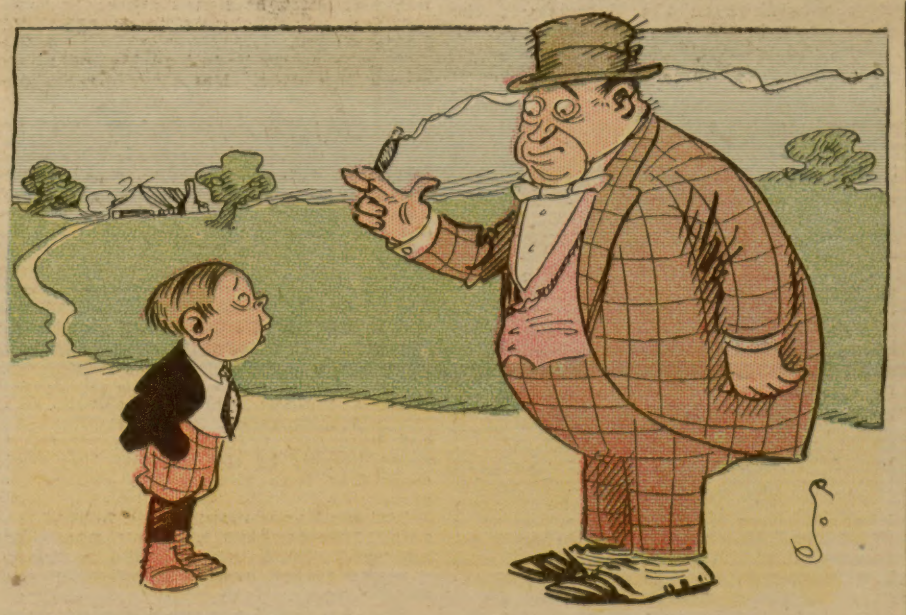
He told the organ man to go into the kitchen and get a cup of tea while he and Dorothy looked for the monkey and the doll.

Where do you suppose they were finally found, Lady Adelaide tightly clasped in the monkey's arms? Every room in the house was searched and the garret and cellar, but no sign of the couple was found. Just before dark, when Dorothy should have been paying her visit, Mr. Jackson climbed out on the little roof over the front porch, and there in a corner were the monkey and Lady Adelaide, both sound asleep.

Dorothy was much relieved to find her doll, and the organ grinder was much relieved to find his monkey. As for Lady Adelaide, she did not look overpleased, and the monkey cried pitifully when they were separated.

"The poor lonesome little monkey!" cried Dorothy. "Wait a minute, organ man." And she ran upstairs, coming down with one of her old dolls, which she gave to the monkey to keep. He seemed to prefer Lady Adelaide, however, but made the best of his gift by carrying it off with him.

If you should happen to see a hand-organ monkey with a doll some day, you will know he is the fellow that once persuaded Lady Adelaide to elope with him.



Willie—"Pa, what are the zones?"
Pa—"Son, when I went to school they made me learn my geography. The zones are torrid, frigid, Panama Canal Zone and ozone."

A Story.

One day—one day Willie Jones went out in the back yard, and there he saw a rope hanging over the alley fence—a big rope—and Willie Jones just took hold of that rope and he pulled and he pulled and he pulled and he pulled, and after a while he pulled the yard full of rope, and it reached up high in a pile, and it all fell down on top of Willie Jones, and buried him, but Willie Jones didn't care, and he just kept on pulling and pulling and pulling and pulling at that old rope, and pretty soon he pulled so hard that he pulled the end off the rope, and Willie Jones saw that there wasn't any end to the rope, and he'd have to go on pulling and pulling and pulling and pulling forever, but he didn't want to do that, and so he stopped pulling and went in to breakfast.

AGENTS WANTED

100 Lbs. SUGAR $1.75
—white granulated, costs $6.00 elsewhere, with Coffee, Rice, Soap, etc., all at big saving. Sugar sample and Catalog for 10 cts. postage, refunded on first order. AGENTS wanted. Easy, quick profits. Credit. Act quick. Be first. Complete outfit, Catalog, Sugar sample, etc, 15cts. None free. **Globe Ass'n, Dep't 33 Chicago.** (Established 16 yrs)

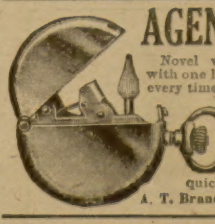
BETTER LIGHT from KEROSENE
Beats Electric or Gasoline

TEN DAYS FREE SEND NO MONEY
Without sending a cent you can use this wonderful, economical oil light 10 days Free, then return at our expense if not satisfied. Gives powerful white incandescent light, burns over 50 hours on one gallon Kerosene (coal oil). No odor, smoke or noise simple, clean, won't explode. Guaranteed. *We want one person in each locality* to refer customers to. Write for 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER—agents' wholesale prices and learn how to get ONE FREE. AGENTS WANTED. Make money evenings and spare time. One farmer cleared over $500 in 6 weeks. Exclusive territory given.
MANTLE LAMP CO., 462 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

$50 Per Week and Up

AGENTS
CAN YOU BEAT THIS?
"Worked 2 Days—Sold 70 Strappers—My Profit $70."
Statement of R. F. Whitfield, Miss.
There are all kinds of strappers, but only one **Angle-Strop.** Automatically strops and hones old-style or safety blades. Gives "Heel-and-toe" stroke as barbers do by hand. A red-hot seller—see Whitfield's statement. Dandy territory open. Special proposition for hustlers. **Don't Wait—Write Quick—NOW!**
100% Profit.
THE VICTOR SPECIALTY CO. 352 Cook St. CANTON, OHIO

AGENTS A BRAND NEW LIGHTER



Novel watch-shaped Lighter. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light every time. No electricity, no battery, no wires; non-explosive; does away with matches. Lights your pipe, cigar, cigarette, gas jet, etc. Dandy thing for the end of your chain. Tremendous seller. Write quick for wholesale terms and prices.
A. T. Brandt Lighter Co., 148 Duane St., N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED

Sell our Big $1 Bottle Sarsaparilla for only 49c. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. 200% Profit. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. — Write NOW for terms.
F. R. Greene, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 12, Chicago

LADY WANTED
To sell our New Washable Elastic Sanitary Belt, and Sanitary Skirt Protector. Make $10.00 to $30.00 weekly. No money required—all or spare time—not sold in stores. Every woman wants both. Send postal to
The Moss Co., 642 Central Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY

Selling guaranteed Steel Mantle Burners. Make coal oil produce gas. Every home buys. Experience unnecessary. Sample 25c. Particulars free. Write today.
STEEL MANTLE LIGHT CO. 333 Huron Street TOLEDO, O.

$1,500 a Year Sure

AGENTS Best paying canvassing proposition in U.S. Assures you $1,500 yearly. Inexperienced taught how to make $75 to $200 monthly. Let us show you. Write to-day to the largest manufacturers of Transparent Handled Novelty Knives and Razors in the world.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free.
Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 4062, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

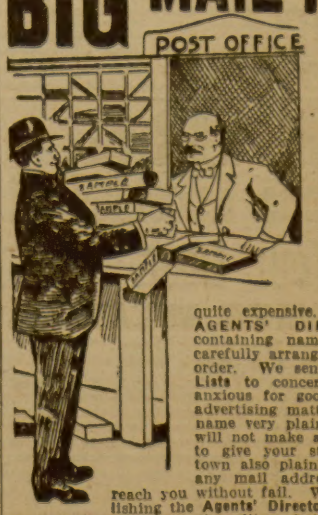
DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS
Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay. Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Box P14, Danville, Va

GOLD shell **Spectacles $1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted
Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED Agents to sell Home Remedies. Write HOME REMEDY CO., Fredonia, N. Y.

BIG MAIL FREE!



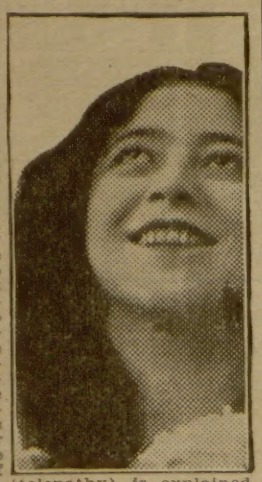
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Magnetic Girl

How She Compels Others To Obey Her Will

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Post Free to readers of Boyce's Weeklies

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained.



Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 5 cents, (stamps of your own country) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 1002, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention Boyce's Weeklies.

Do not enclose coins in your letter. Postage on letters to England two cents.

YOUR FALL SUIT FREE

Made to Your Measure

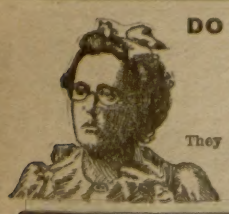
$30 to $40 would not buy a better one, but you get it for nothing. Not a cent to pay. Simply wear it, tell your friends where you got it and make

$10 to $15 a Day

taking their orders. It is dead easy. You never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in strictly advance style (3 months ahead of the times). Your choice of 60 patterns to choose from. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring, blanks, etc., etc. Don't wait. Everything free—we pay expressage. Get ahead of the other fellows—write this very minute. A postal will do it.

Hand Tailored
Classy Linings
Millionaire Trimmings
Swell Cut

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO.
Dept. 1006 CHICAGO



DO NOT CUT OUT
VARICOSE VEINS

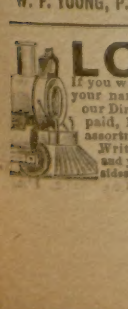
They can be permanently reduced at home in a mild, safe and pleasant manner without interfering with your regular work. Use

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It allays pain promptly—takes out soreness and inflammation—reduces the swelling. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? Mrs. R. M. Remler, Federal, Kansas, had a very painful swollen vein which finally broke. She writes: "The vein bled a little but I used your **Absorbine, Jr.**, faithfully and it began to heal and look healthy. That green color and the large knots in the veins left and in a few months it was all nicely healed. It has not bothered me any since July, 1909."

Absorbine, Jr. also reduces enlarged glands, wens, cysts, soft bunches, strains. **$1.00 four ounce** and **$3.00 twelve ounce** bottle at druggists or delivered. Pamphlet "EVIDENCE" free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



LOTS OF MAIL

If you want lots of mail from different firms—Send us your name and address—and we will put your name in our Directory. And we will also send you at once, post paid, 12 sample Flirtations, 14 Pictures, and a large assortment of curious and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, coin or stamps for postage and you will get lots of mail—and the big list of presents besides. Rockwell Directory Co., Hearst Bldg., Chicago

Rich Men's Sons.

(Continued from page four.)

fied with his own. The stock market had gone as Benjamin Hoskins had forecast. St. Louis Eastern stock against the price of which he was conniving had slid from 130—the figure at which it stood when Ariston was told of the deal—down to below 120 and was showing greater weakness the lower it sank.

In the thousand shares that Ariston had surreptitiously sold he had a paper profit of ten thousand dollars. Nor was that all. Made greedy by the ease with which the market fell under the cunning manipulation of his employer, he had increased his line of "shorts." He had put out an additional lot of five hundred shares at 125, and another five hundred at 120. So he was now short two thousand shares, with a tentative profit of more than $13,000.

Once or twice, remembering the solemn injunction of Hoskins that he (Ariston) must keep his fingers out of the speculative pie, the young man had been on the point of closing up his deal and pocketing his easy gains. Once, troubled by a suspicious glance from the keen, deep eyes of the arch-speculator, he had been on the point of revealing his violation of instructions.

But the lure of the dollar kept his lips tight. With another thirty days he figured that he could pocket at least $25,000 from an investment of nothing but a secret use of his father's splendid credit. And his cold eyes sparkled a bit when he imagined how paltry would be Dick Dansbey's earnings alongside of his own nifty figure.

Yet he envied his antagonist the fulsome publicity that he was getting. To be sure, he had been bathed for a day or two in the reflection of the newspaper glory surrounding Dansbey. But the reporters, having once flung themselves enthusiastically against him, only to be repulsed in their quest with a short word and a curling lip, quickly deserted him as a source of news, and devoted themselves to trailing the spectacular Dick.

Hence, Ariston's mood was distinctly sour when the entrance of his rival into the approaching twelve-hour automobile race was announced. Moreover he nursed an uneasy presentiment that Dansbey was holding some tricks in reserve in his money-making campaign. If he could, without suspicion upon himself, help to put the smiling Dick out of the contest, it would be a relief, even a pleasure, he sneered to himself.

The idea underwent a mushroom growth. Twenty-four hours later, after sundry notes to Mills No. 1, Ariston once more met, in the evening seclusion of City Hall Park, Simon Jenks, late of Company E, Thirty-ninth United States Infantry.

"Still out of a job, Jenks?"

"Why not?" grinned the former private.

"Living off my cane yet?"

"Raised an X off'n it."

"Well, here, get it out of pawn for me, will you?" and Ariston thrust a ten-dollar bill into the derelict's hand.

Jenks looked from the money to the giver and back again.

"T'ink you c'n trust me wit' it?" he asked gingerly.

"Sure, and more than that," returned Ariston. "By the way, how'd you like a steady job—for a week?"

"I ain't stuck on steady jobs."

"But I'll stake you to a hundred on it."

The eyes of Jenks, hungry and watery, studied Philip's face unbelievingly.

"Hard work?" he quizzed with furrowed forehead.

"No work at all," was the assurance.

"Then lead me to it," the former soldier snickered. "I've been lookin' fer that all me life."

"Well, Jenks, how well can you keep that mouth of yours shut?"

"Say boss, fer a hundred I'd cum near keepin' it shut f'rever."

"Except for booze," scoffed Ariston.

"Exception granted," grinned the derelict.

"Well, it's like this, Jenks: I've got a friend who's going into the twelve-hour auto race at Brighton Beach next Saturday," Philip went on flippantly. "Now, between you and me, I don't want to see him win. D'you understand? I don't want to see him win. Not that I wish him any hard luck, of course. You understand that, Jenks. But I just don't want to see him win. You understand?"

"Sure," nodded Jenks, blinking. "You don't wish him any hard luck, but you don't want 'im t' hev any good luck. That it?"

"Oh, have it your own way," returned Ariston. Then a bit coaxingly, "D'you want to try your hand at the job—for a hundred?"

"You got th' hundred?"

Philip flashed a fifty-dollar bill into sight. Jenks closed his seamed and grimy paw over it.

"This much now, and the other fifty when you're done," announced Philip.

"All right," the man smiled as the big bill, carefully folded, followed the ten he had just received into the inner confines of his shirt. "Who's this guy?"

"His name's Dansbey—Richard Dansbey."

"I'm gonna get busy on him," the derelict grinned.

"But I'm not to figure in this, you know," insisted Ariston.

"Sure not, on'y yer hundred," answered Jenks, "an' this here Dansbey."

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

The Real Need.

A wandering peddler stopped at a Southern cabin and opened his pack.

"Mammy, let me show you some self-raising umbrellas," he began.

"No use, man; no use," interrupted the colored woman, as she busied herself about a boiler of clothes. "Cayn't use nothin' like dat."

"How about self-raising window shades?"

"No good heah, kase dey ain't no windows wuf talkin' erbout."

"Self-raising buckwheat?"

"No good to me—we eat cohn pone. But, mister——"

"Well, mammy?"

"If you'll tell me how to tuhn dese heah fohteen bad chillun into self-raisin' pickaninnies, Ah'll be yo' frien' foh life, dat Ah will, sah."

* * *

He Was Not Afraid.

Old Lady—"And so you are trying to get out to the free and boundless West. That is a commendable ambition, and I'll give you this to help you on your way."

Tramp—"Thankee, mum. I'll often think of you w'en I get to Gory Gulch."

"What kind of a town is that?"

"I don't know, mum; but I've heard it's a place where they shoot strangers wot refuses to drink with 'em."

10 CENTS A DAY

Will bring to you, Freight prepaid, a Schmoller & Mueller Sweet-toned Piano. Here is the opportunity of having placed in your home to try Free for 30 days a guaranteed-for-25-years piano.

If you like it you are given

5 Years to Pay

Our wonderful selling plan is so devised that people with music in their souls, but small purses, can now satisfy their love for music and have a Sweet-Toned Piano at once.

Do not hesitate but mail the attached coupon. We will send you our beautiful catalogue of wonderful pianos that are sold at factory-to-home prices at a saving of $100 to $175, and on terms that are truly remarkable.

You can easily save 10 cents a day. That will pay for the piano. We ship it to you Freight Prepaid. You can try it free for 30 days. You are given 5 Years to Pay.

Tear off this coupon now and send for complete details of our plan and catalogue.

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.
Est. 1859. Capital and Surplus over $1,000,000
Dept. B W 310 Omaha, Neb.

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.
Dept. B W 310 Omaha, Neb.

Gentlemen: Please send me all information regarding your plan.

Name .....

Address .....

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

DEFORMITIES CURED

CLUB FEET of any variety, and at any reasonable age, can be made straight, natural and useful. No plaster paris, no severe surgical operation, and the result is assured.

POTTS DISEASE when treated in time should result in no deformity; paralysis can be prevented and the growth not interfered with. Write for information and references.

SPINAL CURVATURE Recent cases usually make good recoveries and even those of long standing do well. No plaster paris, felt or leather jackets. Write for information and reference.

HIP DISEASE in the painful stage can be relieved and the inflammation permanently arrested. Shortening, deformity and loss of motion can often be corrected. No surgical operations or confinement.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS We can refer you to many responsible people all over the country, whose children, afflicted with Infantile Paralysis have been practically restored at this Sanitarium.

DEFORMED KNEES AND JOINTS of many varieties yield to our methods of treatment, and if interested you should know about it.

This is the only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the country devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and paralyzed conditions.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE Write us for illustrated book which will be sent free on request to any address.

THE McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
892 Aubert Avenue ST. LOUIS, MO.

$4.95

THIN MODEL **SOLID GOLD FILLED** GUARANTEED 20 YEARS **$4.95**

Elegant plain polished or engraved, screw back and bezel, dust proof gold filled case (guarantee stamped in case) open face gold sunburst or white enamel dial, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled adjusted patent lever movement, warranted a correct timekeeper. Before you buy a watch send us your correct post office address and we will send you this beautiful watch

BY INSURED PARCEL POST C.O.D. $4.95

Mention if you want Ladies 0 size, Boys 14 or Gents 16 size, white enamel or gold sunburst dial, plain polish or engraved back, pay your postman our special sale price $4.95 only and the watch is yours.

STEM WIND Open Face Only

Mutual Sales Co., A10, 306 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Biggest Offer Ever Made FREE

Finest On Earth WHISKEY

You've read whiskey offers that claimed to be liberal—now just read this one and see what *real* liberality means! We want you to try Ullman's Old Reserve Stock Whiskey because we're sure you'll like it so well that you'll keep on ordering it in preference to all other brands. So we are making a very special offer just to induce you to send us a trial order. With your order, we will send you, ***absolutely free,*** a full bottle of genuine ***"Dixie Cheer,"*** a delicious banquet beverage of unsurpassed quality, and a sample bottle of Rare Old Athletic Club Whiskey. Look at these prices:

4 Full Quart Bottles Ullman's Whiskey $2.85

8 Full Qts. ULLMAN'S WHISKEY $5.00 **12 Full Qts. ULLMAN'S WHISKEY $7.50**

ONE BOTTLE DIXIE CHEER FREE
One Sample Bottle Old Athletic Club Whiskey

Remember, All Goods Shipped Express Prepaid

Don't pass up this wonderful whiskey bargain. Send us your remittance and we will at once ship you—express prepaid, either 4, 8, 12, 25 or 50 full quart bottles of *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey*, one (1) bottle *Dixie Cheer*, and one bottle *Athletic Club Whiskey*. After you receive and test the whiskey, by drinking all you please, if you are not satisfied return it to us and we will at once refund your money. This is the best value ever offered by us or any distiller at anything near the price. Remember, your money back if you are not satisfied. Send your order now.

American Supply Co., 2012 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

SPEAR Will Trust You Wherever You Live—Write For His Catalog—It's Free

A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average home lover needs the Spear System of "Credit to the Nation." I want 1,000,000 families to say of me: "He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work.

Write for my Free Catalog today.

SPEAR of Pittsburgh

The Only Way To Furnish Your Home

Spear's Range Bargain

Spear of Pittsburgh has proven to hundreds of thousands of satisfied customers, everywhere, by the high quality of his goods, his fair, square treatment and exceptionally liberal credit terms, and rock bottom prices, that his plan is the only logical, common sense way to furnish a home. By *Spear's* original divided payment plan all the necessities, comforts and luxuries formerly found only in the homes of the rich and prosperous classes have been brought within the reach of home lovers of limited means.

Spear Will Give You Credit

Spear's Bed Bargain

Spear of Pittsburgh trusts the people and the people trust *Spear*. That's the whole secret of the wonderful success which has made the House of Spear the greatest of its kind. *Spear* has full confidence in the readers of this paper and invites *you* personally to accept his liberal, open account, long time credit, easy payment plan for home furnishing.

Any One Can Trade With Spear

Simply send today for the *Big Free Spear Bargain Catalog.* It will be just like bringing an enormous stock of Home Furnishings—many times the size of even the greatest city store—right to your home—with an amazing array of wonderful bargains. He shows you everything for the home, including a marvelously attractive assortment of carpets, rugs and draperies in the colors, patterns and designs photographed from the original goods. Spear's Bargain Catalog shows everything in home furnishings—

Spear's Stove Bargain

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, Portieres, Clocks, Go-Carts, Dishes, Ranges, Refrigerators, Silverware, Lace Curtains, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Mattresses, Springs, Bedding.

Spear's Rug Bargain

Spear Gives 30 Days' Home Trial

Spear's idea about selling goods from a catalog, is that they must actually sell themselves after you have seen them and know what they are by actual test in your own home.

That's another reason why *Spear* is the World's Greatest Home Furnisher. Anything you select from Spear's Bargain Catalog will be shipped with the privilege of 30 days' free home trial before the sale is considered finally closed. You'll like Spear's Plan—Try it.

Spear of Pittsburgh probably has a larger percentage of satisfied customers—Home Lovers who buy from him year after year—than any other house. Why not send your trial order **now?**

Spear's Heater Bargain

You Can Test Spear's Plan

By Ordering one of Articles Shown on this Page

Remember it will be perfectly safe for you to order any article shown above direct from this announcement, as you have the privilege of returning the goods at any time within 30 days, and your money will be refunded if everything is not perfectly satisfactory. If you wish to order right now, without waiting for Spear's Mammoth Bargain Catalog, just write your order describing article wanted and mail with remittance for first cash payment by Draft, Money Order or Registered Currency.

Spear's Chair Bargain

If you do not wish to order now, but simply want the Catalog only, fill out and mail the Coupon.

Spear's Rocker Bargain

Big Stove Bargain

Order No. D-5197—Price $31.65—$5.25 Cash Balance $2.50 Monthly

$5.25 puts this magnificent Base Burner in your home. One of the biggest stove bargains we have ever offered. Has a duplex grate. Large size with 14-inch fire pot; Stands 58 inches high; burns hard coal; self feeding, double heating, built with a return flue. Beautifully trimmed with heavy silver nickel of exquisite design. It gives ⅓ more heat with ¼ less fuel. Tea Kettle attachment for heating water. Pipe Collar connecting double heating flue with up-stairs room. Perfect in every way. Actual weight 320 lbs.

Spear's "400" Junior Oak Heater

No. D-5139. $5.85—75c Cash; Bal. 50c Monthly.

This magnificent heater guaranteed to save fuel, hold fire and heat quickly. It is a well made stove, and nickel trimmed, has heavy fire pot, which measures 12 inches in diameter. Stove stands 36 inches high and weighs about 60 pounds. Made also in smaller and larger sizes; the feed door is large; dampers are of the new screw type, beautifully nickel plated. We guarantee the heater to give perfect satisfaction and reach you in first-class condition.

$5.85

30 Days' Free Home Test

Spear's Big Rocker Bargain

A large, roomy, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high, wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. The seat is large and roomy and upholstered with high grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs and beautiful ruffled edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish.

Order No. D. 611—Price $4.95—75c Cash, Balance 50c Monthly

Be Sure To Send for Spear's Bargain Book

Spear & Co.

Dept. T4, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Spear's Famous New "Special Plymouth" Range

No. D2601. Price $19.95 without Reserv'r No. D2600. Price $23.95 with Reservoir Cash $3.00—$1.50 Per Month

This is the great range that has caused such a sensation as the most amazing bargain ever offered. Easily worth $35. Yet our price is only $23.95 (without reservoir $19.95) A masterpiece in construction. Every feature is complete and perfect. Oven is of same proportions and construction features found in the very highest priced ranges. A very small deposit sets this famous bargain in your kitchen for free 30 days' test. If it don't give absolute service, we refund money.

Spear's Bed Bargain

No. D. 306 Price $10.45 $1.50 Cash, Bal. 75c Monthly

Price $10.45 Complete

This Handsome complete Metal Bed Outfit, consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed iron Bed, any color, 4 feet 6 inches wide, a good woven wire spring with coil supports; 50-pound cotton top mattress; 2 pillows.

Spear's Room Size Brussels Rug Bargain

Beautiful high color Brussels Rug red rose design, green or tan ground. Guaranteed full 9-wire Tapestry Brussels with wool facing. This is the greatest genuine Brussels Rug value you ever saw. It is perfectly safe to order direct from this advertisement, as we positively will refund your money if on receipt you are not perfectly satisfied with your bargain.

No. D. 4602—Size 9 x 12—Price, $11.95 $1.50 Cash Balance 75c per Month

Spear's Dining Chairs

No. D-639-X—Each $1.55. No. D-639—6 $8.95. $1.50 Cash. Bal. 75c Monthly

A remarkable new dining chair with high plain panel back, continuous back posts and neat, turned front posts and spindles. Kenwood quartered oak, gloss finish.

The construction throughout is first-class in every respect. Seats are heavily upholstered and covered with chase leather, one of the best imitations of genuine leather used for upholstering. You may buy one or set of six.

Mail This Coupon Today

Spear & Co.
Dept. T4 Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have read about the Wonderful Spear Bargains in Home Furnishings, and I would like to know all about the Spear Open Account, Easy Payment Plan. Please send me your Mammoth Free Catalog, Prices, Terms, etc., without the slightest obligation on my part.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....